HOLOCAUST REVISIONISM, AMERICAN-STYLE

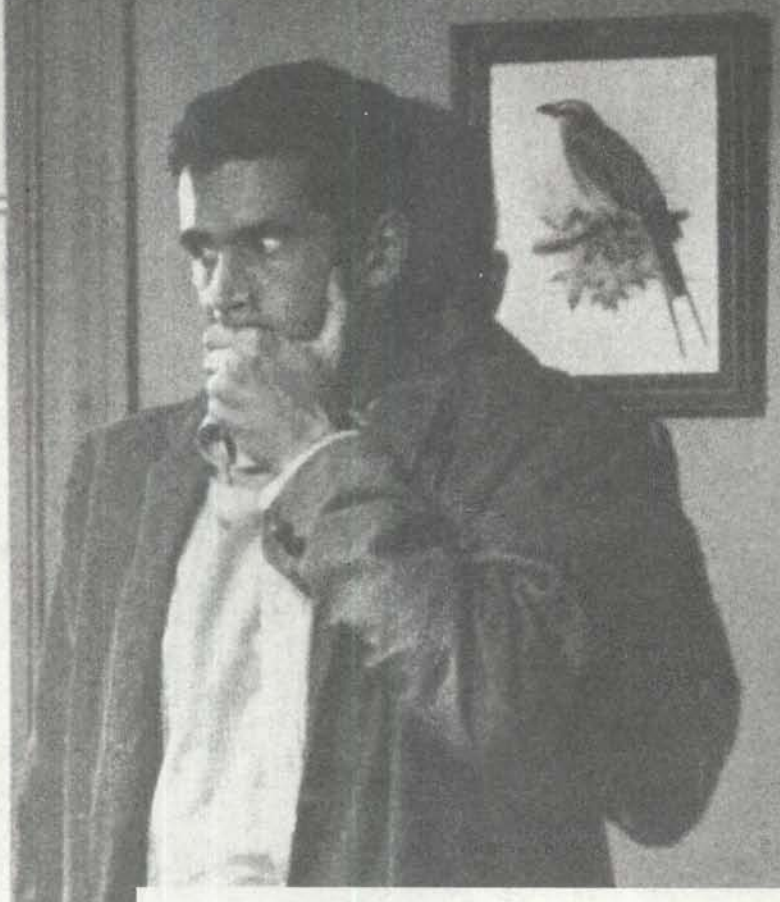
APRIL 17, 1989 · $2.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

AIDS in the U.S.S.R. · Cézanne's Zany Youth · France's Revolutionary Overkill

e Editors on Dick Cheney

DI's Life-Support System



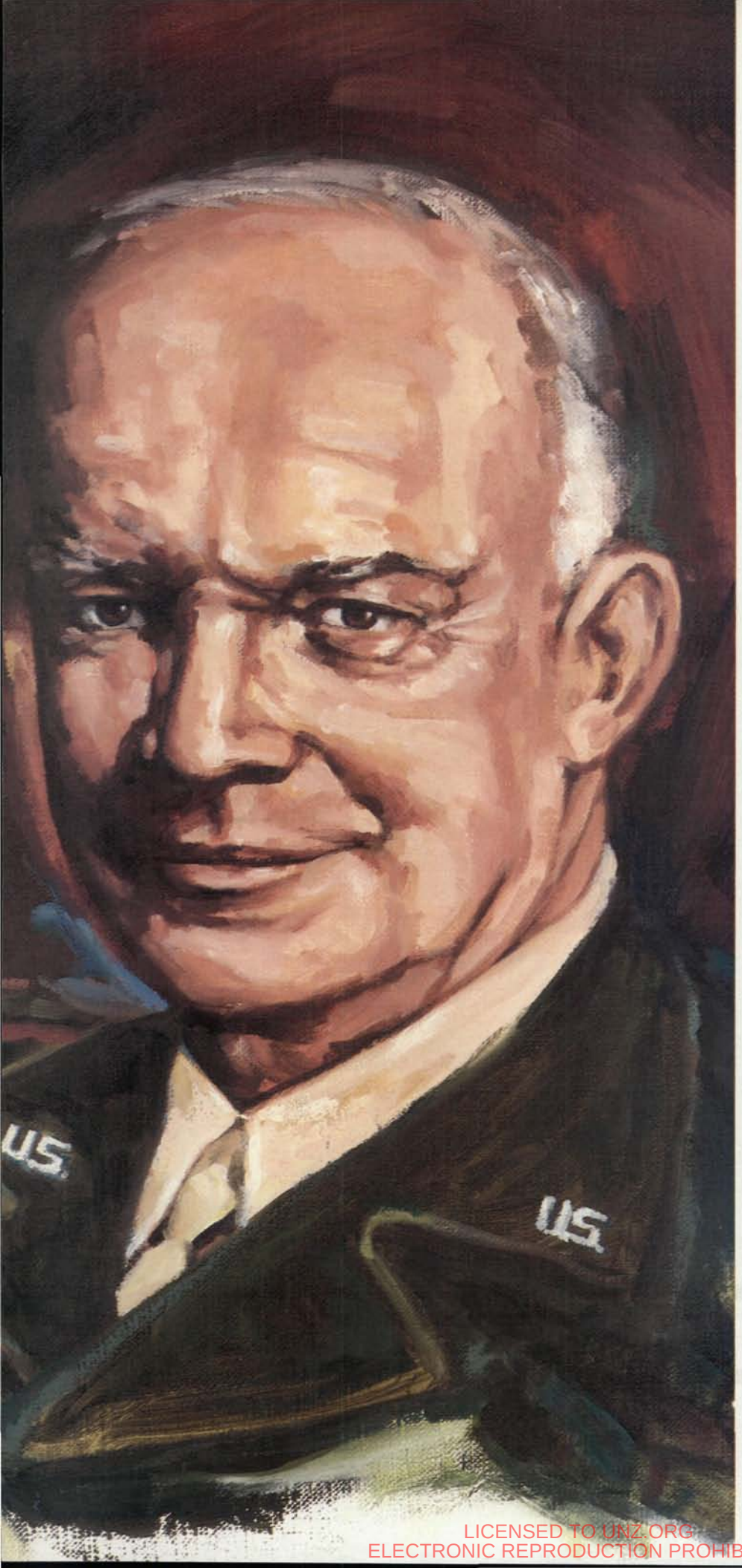
_____ made me do it.

a) Anabolic steroids
b) Post-traumatic Stress Disorder
c) Victimization Disorder
d) Cocaine
e) My genes

#729D**********3-DIGIT 757
#LRBAORO0097*
690976 LAB AORO0099 H45B JAN08
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
ROY HAMMER LIB 15*XW
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

The Alibi Industry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"What counts is not the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog."

Dwight D. Eisenhower
American General &
34th U.S. President
1890-1969

Ford Aerospace is winning the fight for value.

Making the best even better. Sidewinder, the toughest little missile in the U.S. arsenal. Pilot's best friend in a dog fight. We're the leading producer of Sidewinder guidance and control. Evolving over thirty years. More versatile, capable, reliable with each new generation. Making it one of the world's most cost-effective weapons.

Packing more byte for the buck. We needed to put the Army's Maneuver Control System in the field quickly. So we selected off-the shelf computers to cut costs and time. Then we integrated them with our custom-designed commercial and Ada software. And packaged the system to stand up under rugged battlefield conditions. More than a match for the task.

Securing America's future with advanced technology.

Ford Aerospace

- Command, Control, Communications and Intelligence
- Tactical Weapons Systems
- Space Systems
- Technical Services

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

APRIL 17, 1989

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,874

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
APR 06 1989

COVER photo from Psycho © Universal City Studios/MCA. Articles on pages 19 and 20.

4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON **LATE RETURNS** At last, a campaign with some issues.

6 CORRESPONDENCE The *Tikkun* conference.

7 THE EDITORS **ROOKIE OF THE YEAR?** With a little coaching (ours, for example), Dick Cheney could make a great secretary of defense.

10 NOTEBOOK Gilligan's continent, &c.

11 STUART ANDERSON **GORBIE'S CHOICE** To understand the obstacles *perestroika* faces from both the right and the left, you have to understand that it wasn't Gorbachev's idea.

12 FRED BARNES **WHITE HOUSE WATCH: PEBBLES GO BAM-BAM** Bush is bullish on Brilliant Pebbles, the latest scheme for bombing incoming missiles back into the Stone Age.

15 EDWARD LUTTWAK **'A' IS FOR AUTONOMY** Learn how to speak Tibetan like a diplomat.

16 ROBERT KUTTNER **BLOC THAT TRADE** The emerging world of giant trading blocs has free traders grumbling, but they always were a hard group to please.

19 WILLIAM SALETAN AND NANCY WATZMAN **MARCUS WELBY, J.D.** The invention of diseases that protect criminals from blame has become a thriving industry.

20 MARY GRAHAM **ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE** Blame Joel Steinberg, not the drugs he took.

25 JEROME E. GROOPMAN **RED SCARE** The Soviet Union is fertile ground for an AIDS epidemic like you've never seen.

28 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: CHANGES** Memories of a colonial African girlhood in *Chocolat*.

29 MARK STEVENS **ON ART: THE COUNTERLIFE** Cézanne's early work reveals the personal, the romantic, the expressionist artist.

32 ROBERT BRUSTEIN **ON THEATER: WOMEN IN EXTREMIS** Wendy Wasserstein's *Heidi Chronicles*, *The Big Chill* of feminism.

34 JAY ROGOFF **POEM** *Strown Bliss, Scattering Bright*

35 LAWRENCE STONE **THE DREAMS OF REASON** *Citizens: A Chronicle of the French Revolution* by Simon Schama

39 DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN **FALSE WITNESS** *Why Did the Heavens Not Darken? The "Final Solution" in History* by Arno J. Mayer

44 ANNE TYLER **MANIC MONOLOGUE** *Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book* by Maxine Hong Kingston

50 WASHINGTON DIARIST **JUST SAY NAY**

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY (on leave)
Acting Editor
ROBERT WRIGHT
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN (on leave)
Acting Managing Editor
JAMES S. GIBNEY
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, HENDRIK HERTZBERG, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MORTON M. KONDRACKE
New Republic Books Editor (Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry RICHARD HOWARD
Art MARK STEVENS
Architecture HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Reporter-Researchers
JAMES BENNET, ZACHARY CITRON, JOHN HOOD, DAVID KURAPKA, MICHAEL NEWMAN

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Director
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Circulation Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
BEATE HERNANDEZ
Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY
Circulation Consultant
H. EDWARD YOUNG
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT E. SENNOTT JR.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 200, Number 16, Issue 3,874, April 17, 1989. (Printed in the U.S. on March 29, 1989.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 7 & 14, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1989) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.00 (includes postage & handling).

©1989 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-525-0643.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Late Returns

Politics in the dismal 1980s has offered few occasions for outright joy. So when we've got one, let's flaunt it. Let's celebrate the Moscow spring.

I never imagined the time would come when I'd stay glued to the tube for the latest election returns from Moscow, Kiev, and Leningrad. I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd rush to the newsstand for in-depth analyses of voting trends in Latvia and the Ukraine. I never pictured myself scanning the fine print to find out if—to take one of many formerly inconceivable examples—Roy Medvedev, the "dissident" (i.e., honest) historian whose works were suppressed until last year, had won a spot in the runoff. (He did, getting 38 percent of the vote to lead a field of six in one of Moscow's 27 election districts.)

And how about that Boris Yeltsin? A year and a half ago the guy was Moscow Party chief and a candidate member of the Politburo—definitely a big shot, what the Russians call a *shishka bolshoya*. (It means "big pine cone," or just "big lump.") Even so, he was popular. Then he mouthed off too much about the slow pace of reform and the bureaucrats' special privileges. So they fired him and packed him off to a meaningless job in a backwater ministry. When the elections came along, he decided to take his case to the people. Everybody figured the Party regulars would find a way to beat him. The candidate they put up against him for Moscow's at-large seat was the director of the state company that makes Zils, the huge black limousines that roar around Moscow with *shishki* (that's the plural) in the back seat. This was a political move comparable in astuteness to the Republicans nominating Jim Bakker or the Democrats going with Willie Horton. Yeltsin would have won anyway—he's a monster campaigner, it turns out—but maybe he wouldn't have won quite so big. The final tally: Yeltsin 5,118,745, the Zil stooge 392,633. Pretty convincing.

But let's go over to our Campaign '89 anchor desk for some more late returns. In the Baltics, it looks like a nationalist sweep. In Estonia, independent nationalists have won 25 seats out of 36. In Latvia, 25 of 29. In Lithuania, 32 of 42, with eight more forced into runoffs. Up in Yaroslavl, in northern Russia, the medal-bedecked commander of Soviet troops in East Germany has gotten his clock cleaned by a lieutenant colonel running on an anti-draft platform. Elsewhere in the country, favorites going down to defeat at the hands of political unknowns include the head of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, the military commanders of Moscow and Leningrad, and the conservative secretary of the Leningrad Party committee, crushed 85-15 by a shipyard worker (no relation to Lech Walesa, except politically). Winners of other races include crusading journalists, free market economists, radical writers, and, in Mikhail Gorbachev's home district, a handicapped-rights activist. And this just in: some of the biggest Party bigwigs in the Soviet Union, including the regional Party chiefs of Leningrad and Kiev and four other top Ukrainian Party leaders, have managed to blow elections *in which they were running unopposed*. You see, more than half the voters crossed their names off the ballots. New elections will be scheduled for those districts. David?

Back home in Washington, SWAT teams of Sovietologists are fanning out to prevent panic. Don't worry, we're told, all this isn't that much of a change. The new Congress of People's Deputies, which is what these elections were for, is guaranteed a big Communist Party majority. A third of the 2,250 seats are reserved for "social organizations"—like, for instance, the Party. (Gorbachev's seat is one of these.) The Congress hasn't got much power anyway; all it does, under the next step of the calculatedly complicated new Rube Goldberg system, is elect a new two-house Supreme Soviet of 542 members plus a president, Gorbachev. Also, in a lot of places, the Party machine manipulated the nomination process to keep independent candidates off the ballot. "Only" three-fourths of the 1,500 directly elected seats were contested. Therefore we're not supposed to get excited about this, which is like not getting excited when your dog talks because he doesn't know the proper use of the subjunctive.

By all means let's get excited. What has happened is stupendous, magnificent, stirring—one of the great events of the century. And unlike most of the others, it is, compared with what's gone before, unreservedly good, true, and beautiful.

It's all happened incredibly fast. When I was in Moscow four months ago,

continued on page 46

"Probably the single most stupid and damaging decision that has ever been made in the history of business in any country."
–CHARLES WOHLSTETTER, Chairman, Contel Corporation

WRONG NUMBER
The Breakup of AT&T

"The right book at the right time.... The best systematic study so far of the politics of government and business, of the relationship between regulator and regulated."
–THEODORE LOWI, Cornell University

"Helps us understand what was going on behind the scenes." *–ALMARIN PHILIPS, The Wharton School*

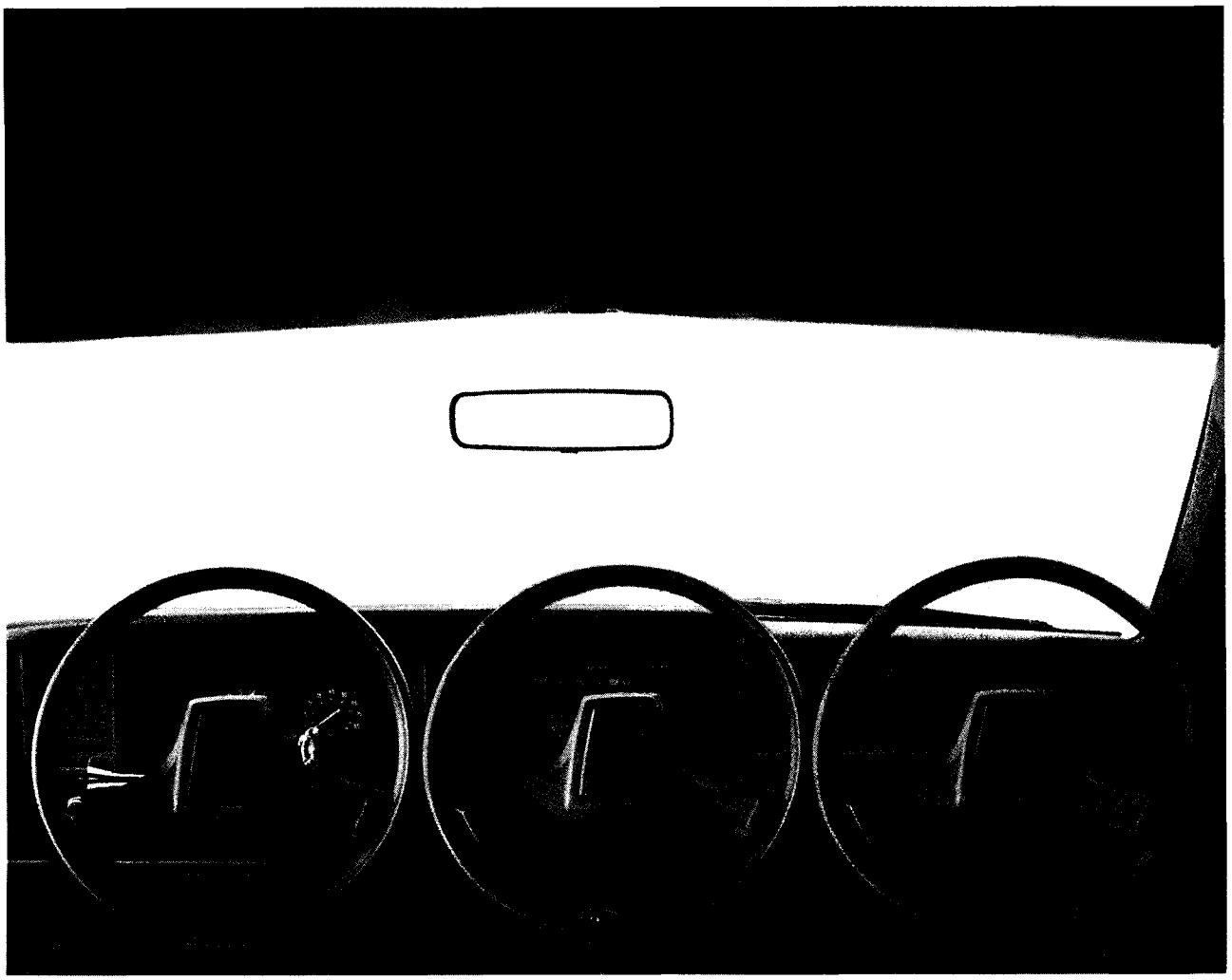
Alan Stone

BASIC BOOKS **BASIC BOOKS, INC.**
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

$21.95 at bookstores.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Kind Of Direction Can Your Investments Get From A Committee?



Investing today is comparable to traveling on a super-highway: You move at high speeds and must be prepared for bumps, curves, and other hazards.

To successfully navigate a road like this, you need clear-sighted direction and nimble execution. And both are done best with a single pair of hands at the wheel.

This is precisely why Loomis, Sayles believes in giving our portfolio managers the authority to exercise their individual judgment and expertise, unencumbered by committees.

Our managers enjoy the advantages of our extensive resources in mapping out their routes. And without waiting for a committee's consensus to act. This approach enables us to take full advantage of market opportunities–despite any twists or turns encountered along the way–and has helped Loomis, Sayles attract over $23 billion in assets currently under management. Perhaps you should consider Loomis, Sayles to manage your investments. Especially if you prefer one superior sense of direction to a lot of wheel spinning.

For information call 1-800-633-3330. In Massachusetts call 617-482-2450.

LOOMIS, SAYLES & COMPANY
Investment Counsel Since 1926

Boston Chicago Detroit Memphis Milwaukee New York Pasadena Philadelphia San Francisco Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Tikkun Out of Context?

To the editors:

Edward Rothstein's article on the *Tikkun* conference ("Broken Vessel," March 6) mixes serious critical arguments and a familiar kind of "neocon" mockery. The mockery is cautious, I admit, but it is still sometimes offensive. What does it mean to say of the politics of *Tikkun* conferees that it is "slightly messianic and apocalyptic"? That we look for the messiah to come but not soon? That we think he will come tomorrow but will turn out to be an ordinary guy? One can say of the conference that it was chaotic, and of the conferees that they were excited, confused, sentimental, searching for lost identities and communities. But they were also, most of them, more restrained and more focused in their politics than a similar crowd would have been 20 years ago—chastened, perhaps, by the failed apocalypse of the late 1960s and by the revived messianism of the religious right. If Rothstein wants to write about a genuinely messianic politics I can give him an address.

Rothstein quotes Michael Lerner as saying: "We are not coming to Judaism out of liberalism but to liberalism out of Judaism." I would suggest a different view: that most of the people at the conference were "coming out of"—though not abandoning—one or another version of left politics and looking for one or another version of Jewishness. Whether they are ready to live with the difficulties of that engagement is a hard question. For the Jewish tradition, whether it is conceived in religious or cultural terms, offers no political guarantees. Rothstein should have noticed that there were many people at the conference who were at least contemplating the possibility of politics without guarantee. It was for those people that I tried to speak; indeed, it was for those people, and by them too, that I was asked to speak.

MICHAEL WALZER
Princeton, New Jersey

To the editors:

Edward Rothstein's article contains a serious distortion of the talk I gave at the *Tikkun* conference. He writes that I delivered "a wholesale condemnation of American Jewish religious life as a 'life malformed,' marred by 'moral erosion.'" Not true! I said nothing that formed a condemnation—wholesale or retail—of American Jewish religious life. The criticism I made of it, I specifically said, could also apply to Jewish secular life. Though a secularist, I am *not* engaged in a war with Jewish religious people.

The phrase "life malformed" appeared in the following context, which makes it clear that I was talking about the terrible consequences of the Holocaust as these affect *all* Jews, religious and secular:

> Jewish life, insofar as it is sustained by an historical, that is, a modern Jewish consciousness, is necessarily a life malformed. . . . Jewish life demands, as a stern commandment, that the Holocaust sear our memories, but precisely this memory determines that we be malformed. All of us, doves and hawks, left and right, at ease in Zion or easier still in the diaspora: malformed.

Clearly this passage (the implication of which I went on to elaborate) constitutes no "wholesale condemnation" whatever of "American Jewish religious life." As for the other phrase he cites, "moral erosion," I do not find it anywhere in my text, to which I strictly adhered.

Had Rothstein been a scrupulous reporter, he would have asked to see the text from which I was obviously reading. As it is, I can't decide whether his distortion is a result of journalistic incompetence or ideological bias. In either case, I do not take kindly to it.

IRVING HOWE
New York, New York

Edward Rothstein replies:

I praised Mr. Walzer for being a dissenting voice at the conference in his support for what he calls here "politics without guarantees." But now I am confused about what he was dissenting from. Wasn't it Lerner's declaration of Israel's potentially "messianic" role in world history? Arthur Waskow's saying that Sukkoth could be a holiday that encourages Jews to carry their opposition to the nuclear arms race "from the harvest booth to the voting booth"? Edward Said's declaration of the unqualified guilt of American Jewish intellectuals? Discussion of black-Jewish relations that treated profound tensions as if they could be resolved by uniting against capitalism? I used the phrase "slightly messianic and apocalyptic" to refer to Lerner's and Waskow's Marcusean political vision—which I also called "oddly unliberal." Does Mr. Walzer really disagree? Incidentally, what sort of mockery is latent in the term " 'neocon' mockery"?

I am not sure what Mr. Howe is so exercised about. Here are excerpts from the text he enclosed: "The American Jews constitute a drained community—drained of its earlier animating energies

continued on page 46

"A chilling account

of how a totalitarian state utilized subjects to develop biological weapons, and how cold war politics led American authorities to utilize and cover-up their work in Occupied Japan. As nations still debate the morality of chemical and germ warfare, this book dramatically demonstrates the horrors such weaponry portends."

—MICHAEL SCHALLER, author of *Douglas MacArthur: The Far Eastern General*

UNIT 731

Japan's Secret Biological Warfare in World War II

by PETER WILLIAMS and DAVID WALLACE

303 pages. $22.95, available at bookstores now or call 800-323-7445 (between 9:00 A.M. & 5:30 P.M. EST) to place your credit card order.

FP THE FREE PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 17, 1989

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR?

Dick Cheney, the new secretary of defense, is not as prepared for the job as Harold Brown (a former Air Force secretary) was in 1977 or Melvin Laird (a veteran of the House defense appropriations subcommittee) in 1969. He was picked because Bush was looking for a quickly confirmable member of Congress to put into place after John Tower's rejection. He seemed the best of the names assembled by Bush's White House advisers—the others were Republican Senators William Cohen, Warren Rudman, Jake Garn, and William Stevens—and besides, he was highly recommended by national security adviser Brent Scowcroft, with whom he'd worked closely in the Ford White House.

Cheney, as they say, has his work cut out for him. The Pentagon is not used to tough management. Caspar Weinberger, in securing funding for a defense buildup that was needed to counter a Soviet threat, simply shoveled the money—$1.7 trillion—to the services to spend as they wished, and then tried to invent a strategy to explain the results. The Bush administration's challenge is to reverse the process: to devise a strategy first, and then do the spending.

This is not a revolutionary proposal. But it is a more pressing one now than it usually is when made by editorial writers. The reasons are: (*a*) the budget deficit; (*b*) Mikhail Gorbachev. Gorbachev is proposing that we radically reduce armaments and promising to change the security environment of the world for the better. We need to take the opportunity he provides to save money on defense spending, but we also need to stay prepared, and keep our alliances intact, in case he can't or won't deliver. And we have to do this in an era of exploding technology and spiraling costs. The task facing Cheney is to cut up to $300 billion from projected defense spending over the next five years—an amount equal to a full year's Pentagon outlays—and also to build the right weapons for America's defense, not those that fit the services' parochial needs.

Cheney has the intellectual and political tools needed to carry out this charge. To be sure, he has his shortcomings. Sometimes his hard-liner instincts translate into a misguided enthusiasm for new weapons systems. His historically strong and undiscriminating support of the Strategic Defense Initiative could stand rethinking. And he would do well to subdue his excitement about anti-satellite weapons long enough to ponder the virtues of a verifiable anti-satellite weapons treaty. (In both cases, insufficient appreciation of the finer points of deterrence theory seems to be the problem, plus a dose of House minority partisan zeal; now a tight budget and executive responsibility could be the cure.) But for his core responsibilities—shrewdly and toughly managing the Pentagon, and (when a negotiated agreement makes it wise) sensibly cutting NATO's force structure while adapting it to a changing world—Cheney is better qualified than John Tower, or just about anyone else we can think of.

Cheney is one of the most formidable politicians in America. At 34, he was White House chief of staff, and in that role he was almost universally praised for his fairness and decisiveness. He foresaw, when President Ford did not, the 1976 Republican nomination challenge of Ronald Reagan, and organized a successful defense. After Ford's nomination, Cheney arranged the promotion of Ford's delegate hunter, one James Baker III, to be campaign manager; now the two have important work to do together again. Two years after Ford's defeat (which might not have happened if Ford had heeded Cheney's warnings to admit quickly that he'd erred in declaring Poland free), Cheney became Wyoming's at-large congressman. He moved immediately onto the House leadership track, rising unopposed this year to the position of Republican whip. Had Cheney not suffered a series of heart attacks, it's likely he'd have been Bush's vice president. (He underwent bypass surgery last summer.) Democrats regard him as a hard-line conservative partisan and a shrewd tactician, but they also like him for his refreshing directness; he is one of the few right-wingers to call himself "right wing."

Cheney is not an expert on defense, but neither is he a novice. He's served on several think tank policy panels, including one organized by Brown and Scowcroft last year to review options for strategic weapons modernization. He has a record of clear pronouncements on defense issues—almost invariably, hardest-line—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranging from SDI to support for the Nicaraguan *contras*. He is not a defense intellectual, but he is an intellectual. He completed his course work for a Ph.D. (but got waylaid into government before writing his dissertation), and he has written a book about Congress with his wife, who's director of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The early signs are that Cheney won't let the Defense Department run him. From talks with Tower and others, he apparently gained the strong conviction that the Pentagon was out of control. He took the earliest opportunity to demonstrate who's boss by chastising the Air Force chief of staff, Gen. Larry D. Welch, for allegedly trying to negotiate a compromise plan on strategic weapons with Congress before the administration had decided what its plans were. (Other witnesses claim Welch was merely taking soundings, not trying to upstage his bosses.) Cheney has also indicated with his first appointments—notably, Richard Armitage as Navy secretary and Paul Wolfowitz as policy undersecretary—that he means to establish strong civilian rule over the building.

To secure true control, however, Cheney will have to finish two major reforms: full implementation of the Packard commission recommendations on procurement, and the creation of civilian management devices in the secretary's office capable of counterbalancing the new centralized power over the military services (under the Goldwater-Nichols reforms of 1986) in the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Packard commission called for appointment of a new procurement czar in the Pentagon; the job exists, but it does not have czarist powers, nor do subordinate program managers have the power and independence they need to build the most efficient weapons at the cheapest price. As one top administration official put it, "The organization charts have been rearranged, but the culture of the Pentagon hasn't changed."

Moreover, Weinberger downgraded or ignored formerly powerful civilian management tools—the Office of Net Assessment and the Program Analysis and Evaluation Office—which had been used by previous secretaries to gauge the threats faced by the United States and to choose the best weapons to meet those threats. Revitalization of those offices will give Cheney the analytical muscle necessary to stand up to the military services.

The big defense issues for this administration consist of two questions that are subordinate to a third. What should the United States do about European defense, in view of Gorbachev's offers to make massive conventional cutbacks? What systems should the United States deploy to ensure a stable strategic deterrent? How should the United States cut the defense budget without harming national security?

What the United States needs most—but hasn't got yet—is a strategy for Europe. Gorbachev clearly has one—a neutralized Germany and a denuclearized Europe. This much is implicit in the Soviet proposals for "armament limitation zones" (with few tanks in much of Germany) and abandonment of short-range nuclear weapons, as well as in the assiduous courting by the Soviets of German financiers. The Soviets also want to be considered part of Europe, and wouldn't mind at all if the United States became increasingly insignificant in the region both militarily and economically.

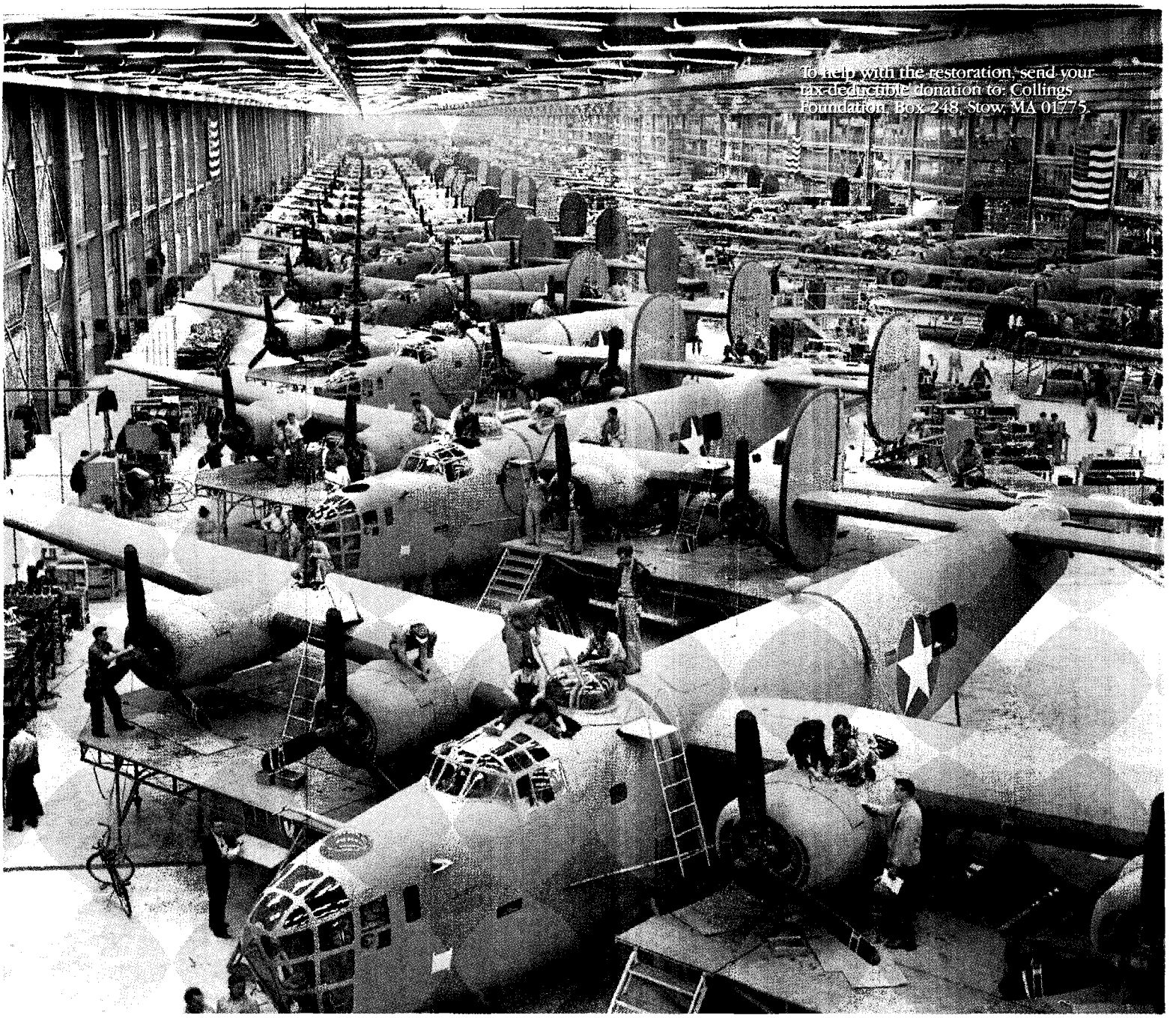
Gorbachev has stolen a political march on the United States by putting forward a proposal for unilateral withdrawals of 50,000 men and 5,000 tanks from Central Europe, and by proposing a conventional arms control agreement under which tank forces would be reduced to 26,000 on each side—which would involve a reduction from 30,000 by NATO and of 60,000 by the Warsaw Pact. On the surface this sounds like an attractive offer—and it in fact is. Even Pentagon consultant and European defense specialist Phillip Karber, whose hard-line credentials no one doubts, has, after studying the Soviet initiatives, declared that "we face the possibility of a dramatic reversal of the whole cold war structure of military deployments" if the Soviets fulfill their promises of withdrawals.

This is not to say that the agreement is ready for signing. Formidable problems remain, notably that the Soviets want compensating reductions in NATO air power. All told, the NATO counteroffer—reductions to equal levels of 8,000 tanks in Central Europe and 20,000 in all of Europe—may be a better starting point (although, as Karber notes, it has been presented in such a complex formula as to be "politically unintelligible" to the peace-hungry European public). Still, the gap between the two sides seems clearly bridgeable. An agreement that would help both is within reach, and we trust that Cheney's hard-line impulses will merely improve the terms, not block a pact and lose a large opportunity.

Of course, a conventional arms agreement can't (or at least shouldn't) be signed in the absence of a full-blown alliance political strategy. Indications are the administration is inching toward one, in the form of a design for a demilitarized Eastern Europe, but it hasn't said what that future would hold for Western Europe.

On nuclear policy, we hope that the administration is divesting itself of enough of the ideological baggage of the Reagan years to conduct a straight cost-benefit study of competing systems. Most conspicuously, there is the question of how to keep our ground-based missiles invulnerable and thus preserve deterrence even if the other legs of the nuclear triad should become vulnerable. There is no need for a crash program here, as we are at least years away from seeing our nuclear-armed submarines, say, become vulnerable. But a decision needs to be made, and the program embarked upon, if at a moderate, frugal pace. The choice is between the mobile Midgetman missile (with one or two warheads) favored by Democrats or the ten-warhead mobile MX (favored by Reagan and the Air Force). There are also choices as to the precise means of MX mobility. We have had our own preference for Midgetman, believing that a force of 300 to 500 single-warhead mobile missiles was the deterrent least vulnerable to Soviet attack and therefore the most stabilizing. We've also been deeply skeptical of SDI—another big-ticket item that Cheney will have to grapple with—except as a research program to counter So-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Forty-five years ago, our freedom was on the line.

On the front line. And on the production line. Because in Europe and the Pacific, America's fighting forces needed a new, longer-range heavy bomber. And on our assembly lines in Ft. Worth and San Diego, and on others across the country, America's working forces responded. At peak production in Ft. Worth, more than 30,000 workers, toiling around the clock, were building a new B-24 every four hours.

Now we are helping to build one more. By making a grant to help restore one of our original B-24s to its original condition. Soon a B-24 Liberator, which first flew in the Pacific, will fly again, this time in air shows around the USA.

Not as a symbol of American military might. Or of American manufacturing muscle. But of the American spirit which makes them both possible.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viet research and to determine whether strategic defense can in any form be stabilizing and effective. In both of these positions we've been in good company, such as that of Scowcroft and Brown—though not of Cheney, who's favored the rail-mobile MX and SDI. But he's still young.

Finally, on the defense budget, we think the administration would do well to follow the lead of Representative Les Aspin of Wisconsin, who favors cutting first those things that are reversible in case Gorbachev reverses his course or is overthrown, and cutting last that which can't be replaced. That is, first cut the manpower, training, and readiness budgets, leaving existing units intact and continuing to buy major weapons systems currently contracted for; next, thin out or close down military units, starting with those based in the United States; and last, cancel major weapons acquisitions.

Aspin has rightly proposed that big new weapons proposals—an advanced fighter aircraft, new attack submarines and tanks— should be researched, but not put into production until it's clearer how U.S.-Soviet relations will develop. Unfortunately, there is a distinct risk that neither this philosophy nor any other will guide this year's defense budget planning. Cheney plans to produce a revised budget by mid-April, and apparently it's being compiled by Weinbergerish methods: letting the military decide what to cut, just as Weinberger used to let the military decide what to build during the fat years. This may be an excusable way to cope with the short notice of his new responsibilities that Cheney was given. Right away, though, he should start planning for next year. The Pentagon can and should be under control by the 1990s.

NOTEBOOK

NO GILLIGAN IS AN ISLAND: Whether Europeans like it or not, their television programming, long heavily regulated, is heading for the free market. The beaming of information directly from satellite to rooftop dish has made continued government control problematic, and anyway, the plan for an economically unified Europe after 1992 has undercut the logic for such control; European leaders now agree in principle that the flow of information shouldn't stop at national borders. At least, not at *intra*-European borders. The European Community ministers (led by the French) recently agreed that most European airtime should be, "where practical," devoted to programs of European origin. They seem to be worried, as Jean Dondelinger, the European Community's culture commissioner, put it, that lowbrow American programming will flood the European airwaves, leading to "cultural suicide." That would indeed be an unfortunate result. But if the ministers think this ploy is going to keep the Vanna Whites of the world out of their living rooms, they're in for a surprise. What has kept trash off TV in some European nations all these years hasn't been insulation from U.S. philistinism, but insulation from the people's will. Once TV is democratized, it will obey the universal law of TV programming: people want garbage, the more the better. You stop American garbage at the borders, and, given a free market, you'll get French garbage. Instead of "The Brady Bunch," they'll watch "Le bande de Dupont." At bottom, of course, the EC ministers' decision is simple protectionism. Europe is merely trying to guard its next infant industry—vacuous entertainment. As world leaders, and continuous innovators, in this field, Americans should insist that post-1992 Europe, which in some respects is a tribute to Adam Smith, stay faithful to his name. Europe has a comparative advantage in pseudo-highbrow entertainment; we have a comparative advantage in unabashed trash. So long as we're pretending to enjoy "Masterpiece Theatre," the least Europeans can do is admit that they like "Dynasty."

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT:

Wright Ethics Report Due; GOP to Pick Whip

—*Washington Post*, March 20
(thanks to Steve Dujack, Washington, D.C.)

MALCOLM COWLEY, whose long career as a man of letters included a decade and a half as an editor at TNR, died on March 27 at the age of 90. Active to the end of his life, Cowley influenced some of the major literary and cultural movements of his times—which means, of this century. Closer to home (as Cowley once told Edmund Wilson, "People who work for the New Republic always think about the New Republic"), Cowley certainly influenced the course of this magazine. He came to TNR in the late '20s, and served as literary editor between 1930 and 1941. Cowley established the literary pre-eminence of the back of the book throughout the 1930s, and cast his imprint upon the writing and the writers of his time. He always regarded social issues as a part of his domain, too, and helped shape the political direction of the magazine, not always for the better. Like many in the orbit of the magazine, Cowley was eagerly credulous about the Soviet Union. In the matter of Stalinism, his gift for discrimination deserted him—an error for which he was later his own severe critic. But Cowley always championed the independence of culture: he published and was a friend to many of the boldest and most talented writers in the country, and abroad. And Cowley always championed clarity, which did not mean simplicity. His goal in his own writing was to "reduce everything to its simplest terms and to build up subtlety by the opposition of simple statements." As an editor, he was vigilant against the danger that (as he described it in our 40th anniversary issue in 1954) "the scholar writer . . . lose the sense of addressing a broad audience with varied types of experience; he begins to talk—as the sociologists and some of the new critics already do—in the narrow jargon of his craft. . . . He lives and writes as part of a specialized bureaucracy." Malcolm Cowley never forgot that audience. And that audience will never forget him. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***Perestroika*'s dissident roots.**

GORBIE'S CHOICE

By Stuart Anderson

How can the leader of a Marxist state advocate pluralism and free enterprise without facing excommunication? In Marxist terms, apparently. In January, describing the origin of his political and economic reforms, Mikhail Gorbachev invoked the Hegelian dialectic: "Within the Party, and indeed, within society as a whole, including in science and culture, not only had the awareness of the necessity for changes come to a head, but also intensive interpretation was under way as to the ways in which to deal with this task. Otherwise how was the idea of [reform] brought to fruition? We are materialists and dialecticians and we know that nothing comes from nothing or disappears without a trace. So, the appearance of *perestroika* trends in society was preceded by a specific period of analytical studies and moral assessments."

However politically convenient Gorbachev's analysis may be, it is also correct. To an extent still unappreciated in the West, his policies grow out of two decades of prior writings on the subject—the books and articles of Soviet dissidents. Until this intellectual lineage of *glasnost* and *perestroika* is recognized, Westerners will have trouble perceiving the impediments Gorbachev faces and understanding why criticism of his reforms comes from both the left and right sides of the political spectrum.

During the 1970s, samizdat works were widely circulated and discussed in Soviet society, by members of the bureaucracy and political leadership among others. Dissident historian Roy Medvedev, in his book *On Socialist Democracy*, identified a liberal wing of the Communist Party that he sought to provide with a program for reform. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, the writings of Andrei Sakharov also argued for gradual reform. Naked repression eventually drove Sakharov and other dissidents to focus on individual human rights cases. But in the meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of intellectuals had come to share the reformist views of one or another dissident faction. Some of these people now serve in Gorbachev's government.

In their 1970 samizdat letter to Leonid Brezhnev, "Appeal for a Gradual Democratization," Sakharov, Medvedev, and Valery Turchin (later exiled abroad) warned that without fundamental reforms, the Soviet Union would face spiraling economic difficulties and the prospect of becoming a "second-rate provincial power." The dissidents argued for political and economic reforms in words strikingly similar to those employed by Gorbachev today. They recognized the essential link between political freedom and economic growth—the "very close connection between the problems of technological and economic progress . . . and the freedom of information and the open airing of views." The authors stressed the need for democratization (including gradual introduction of multicandidate elections), amnesty for political prisoners, an end to jamming foreign radio broadcasts, and freer discussion of social and political problems. All of these have become features of Gorbachev's policy. And Sakharov's 1972 samizdat work "Afterword" specifically advocated the "democratization of society and the development of *glasnost*."

There are also striking parallels between Sakharov's views and Gorbachev's pronouncements on East-West relations. Many of the ideas in Gorbachev's December United Nations speech appear in Sakharov's 1968 samizdat work "Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom." Sakharov called for an end to the arms race and promoted the idea of U.S.-Soviet cooperation on problems ranging from world hunger to the environment. He also recognized that without genuine political reforms in the Soviet Union, the West would never consider the U.S.S.R. a reliable partner.

Medvedev managed to publish 29 books abroad during the Brezhnev years, despite official harassment that included the confiscation of his archives. In *On Socialist Democracy* (1975), he predicted that the demands of a modern industrial economy would inevitably lead to liberalization in the Soviet Union. He advocated pluralism within the Communist Party, the growth of political organizations outside the Party structure, increased power to local "soviets," and fixed terms for Party and government officials. In the economic sphere, Medvedev recommended greatly increased independence for government enterprises, the development of family farms, and the emergence of private cooperatives, particularly in the service sector.

Medvedev also advocated an unflinching reappraisal of Soviet history as a prerequisite for far-reaching reform, an idea that Gorbachev now espouses (in principle). In *Let History Judge*, Medvedev presented a scathing indictment of Stalin's oppressive rule two decades before the current de-Stalinization. Medvedev was the first Soviet historian to call for the rehabilitation of Nikolai Bukharin and other victims of the purges. Many of the historical "revelations" now published in Soviet journals appeared in Medvedev's works 20 years ago.

Under Gorbachev, liberal-minded Party members who read dissident works with sympathy in the 1970s have become influential policy-makers, editors, and writers. They have adapted dissident ideas to current political reality. But not all at once. Although the Western media often discuss Gorbachev's "plans" to reform the country, we should remember that for the first year and a half of his rule he followed the course established by his predecessors, Andropov and Chernenko. Gorbachev concentrated on corruption in government and discipline in the workplace, instituting a widely criticized anti-alcohol campaign. The Soviet leader firmly believed that these polices would improve economic performance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It soon became apparent, however, that more sober workers and fewer corrupt officials would not solve the endemic political and economic problems of the Stalinist system. Gorbachev and his supporters recognized the need for more fundamental change and pursued it. But they still have not embraced the dissidents' entire vision—including some of the most promising catalysts for change, such as the establishment of a legalistic state.

Gorbachev may eventually incorporate these proposals, but the dissidents are impatient. To be sure, they continue to offer broad support for his program; reports in the Western press about Sakharov's doubts regarding Gorbachev's path and about the harsh reaction of the Soviet official press to those doubts have been somewhat exaggerated. But it is true that the dissidents, having created the ideas now driving Soviet reforms, are disillusioned by the pragmatic political considerations that often impinge on Gorbachev's positions.

Thus, Sakharov has advised Politburo member and Gorbachev ally Alexander Yakovlev that recent Kremlin policy has exacerbated the conflict between Armenia and Azerbaijan. He has called on the Soviet government to release immediately the Armenian nationalists who have been imprisoned, asserting in an interview that "there are no more prisoners of conscience" in the U.S.S.R. except for those nationalists. Sakharov has also questioned the wisdom behind Gorbachev's recently unveiled electoral system, which is so complex as to be almost unworkable. (It presents stamp collectors with their own representative to the 2,250-member Congress of People's Deputies.)

Gorbachev has disappointed dissidents with his incomplete revisions of Soviet history, too. His long-awaited speech in November 1987, on the 70th anniversary of the October Revolution, was a political compromise. While strongly criticizing Stalin, he justified the policies of collectivization and applauded Stalin for "safeguarding Leninism" in the ideological struggle against Leon Trotsky.

Gorbachev's economic policy has also fallen short of the purists' ideals. He took their suggestions in allowing a degree of private enterprise, and in permitting enough *glasnost* for the press to uncover economic shortcomings. But government regulations are undermining the cooperative movement, and the replacements he has chosen to manage the economy are meager improvements over the Brezhnev-era holdovers. As a result, average citizens have felt no economic improvement. Gorbachev's liberal allies fear that halfway reform—all ideas and no substance—will guarantee the Soviet leader's downfall.

The intellectual lineage of Gorbachev's reforms helps explain the depth of the opposition to them at the other end of the political spectrum as well. Last March conservative critics attacked the reforms in the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya*. In a full-page "letter to the editor," Nina Andreeva, a Leningrad schoolteacher, assailed those who "falsify" the image of Stalin and subvert socialist values. The "democratization" of society—as manifested in the creation of environmental and other protest groups—has also drawn fire from reactionaries. One can certainly understand why establishment conservatives—Party chiefs in the republics, members of the KGB and military, and Russian nationalist writers—are enraged at current political changes. One can almost pity them. The ideas and activities that they battled for decades are now gradually becoming the official policy of the Communist Party.

STUART ANDERSON is editor of *Bloc*, the Soviet Union and East bloc trade report.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

PEBBLES GO BAM-BAM

By Fred Barnes

One day last July, President Reagan and Vice President Bush gathered in the Situation Room in the White House basement. The room is windowless, low-ceilinged, and secure, used mostly for meetings of the National Security Council and for top-secret discussions. This time Reagan and Bush heard a briefing by Lowell Wood of Livermore National Laboratory and Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb. The subject was a research breakthrough in the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars. Teller brought a mock-up of "Brilliant Pebbles," a new anti-missile system. It consists of several thousand small interceptors that would fly in low orbit in space. They would, Teller said, spot Soviet or other missiles as they burst through the clouds in the boost phase, smash into them at high speed, and destroy them. Reagan loved it. Bush asked question after question. He was, said an aide who accompanied him to the briefing, extremely impressed with the answers.

SDI isn't dead yet. True, it has lost its most fervent champion, Reagan, and accumulated other troubles. Money is a big one. In his last budget, Reagan asked for $5.6 billion for SDI in 1990. President Bush is certain to scale that back, but he'll be lucky to get much more than $4 billion from Congress in any case. At the Pentagon, the service chiefs are as fond of SDI as they are of peace protests. Even at the White House, there are SDI skeptics, notably Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, and Arnold Kanter, the arms control expert on the NSC staff. But SDI has supporters in the administration, too, particularly Vice President Dan Quayle and John Sununu, the White House chief of staff. And now there's Dick Cheney, the new defense secretary. He backs SDI wholeheartedly and views Brilliant Pebbles as a significant breakthrough that should be pursued.

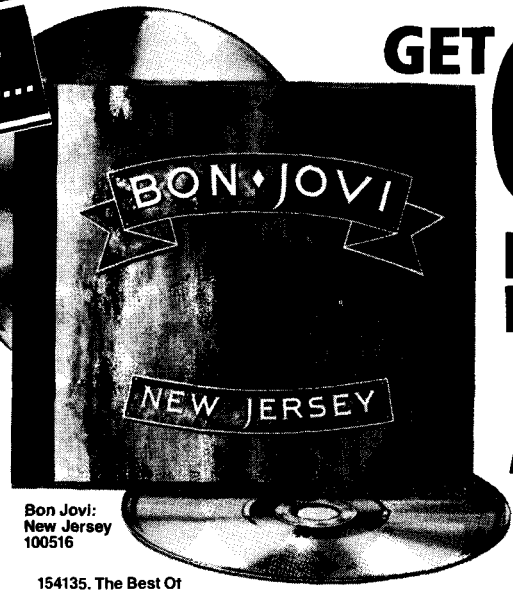
Bush has never been SDI's noisiest advocate, but he's grown more favorable. When Reagan first renounced the concept of mutual assured destruction in March

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ultimate in sound... The ultimate in savings...

GET 6 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

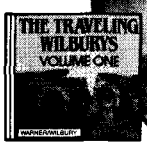
...with nothing more to buy ever!



Bon Jovi: New Jersey
100516

100586

200596



100711

100715. R.E.M.: Green Orange Crush, Pop Song 89, etc. (Warner Bros.)

100602. Elton John: Reg Strikes Back • Elton's 22nd gold album! (MCA)

264134. D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: He's The D.J., I'm The Rapper (Jive)

200478. Metallica: And Justice For All • #1 Speed metal band! (Elektra)

223559. The Beach Boys: Endless Summer • 21 timeless hits! (Capitol)

100532. Diane Schuur: Talkin' 'Bout You • Cry Me A River, etc. (GRP)

100603

115436

100707

105392. Pops In Space John Williams & The Boston Pops. Music from Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, more. (Philips *DIGITAL*)

153582. Tracy Chapman Fast Car, Talkin' 'Bout A Revolution, etc. (Elektra)

164165. Bobby McFerrin: Simple Pleasures • Don't Worry Be Happy, etc. (EMI)

244006. Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park • All-time classics! (Warner Bros.)

125179. Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo And Juliet; Nutcracker Suite Chicago Symph. Orch./ Solti. (London *DIGITAL*)

100459. Cocktail (Original Soundtrack) • (Elektra)

100604. Heifetz: The Decca Masters, Vol. 1 Golliwog's Cakewalk, Clair de lune, many more. (MCA)

100035. Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova • Simply Irresistible, More Than Ever, etc. (EMI)

123385. The Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor)

100579. K. T. Oslin: This Woman • Hold Me, Money, title song, more. (RCA)

100470. Vangelis: Direct New Age Meditations, The *Motion Of Stars, The Will Of* The Wind, etc. (Arista)

153983. Charlie Parker: Compact Jazz • Now's The Time, Night And Day. (Verve)

154135. The Best Of Steely Dan: Decade 14 hits. (MCA)

104871. Supertramp: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) • The Logical Song, Give A Little Bit, more. (A&M)

144578. The Judds': Greatest Hits • (RCA)

115356. Pinnock: Vivaldi, The 4 Seasons • Simon Standage, violin; etc. (Archiv *DIGITAL*)

114780. Cinderella: Long Cold Winter • Gypsy Road, Don't Know What You Got, more. (Mercury)

134347. Huey Lewis: Small World • (Chrysalis)

173406. Jazz CD Sampler Over 67 minutes of jazz. (Polygram)

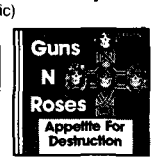
100467. Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) London Classical Players/ Norrington. (Angel *DIGITAL*)

123721. Jimmy Page: Outrider • Led Zeppelin guitarist's solo flight! (Geffen)

134321. Led Zeppelin: Houses Of The Holy (Atlantic)

182522

115311



170348

270106. An Evening With Louis Armstrong • (GNP Crescendo)

262889. Virgil Fox: The Digital Fox • Organ music by Bach, others. (Bainbridge *DIGITAL*)

209468. Perlman: Brahms, Violin Sonatas (Angel *DIGITAL*)

120768. 20 Great Love Songs Of The 50s & 60s, Vol. 1 • (Laurie)

153606. INXS: Kick • Need You Tonight, Devil Inside, etc. (Atlantic)

100517. Phil Collins: Buster/Soundtrack • Groovy Kind of Love, Two Hearts, etc. (Atlantic)

134420. John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee • Paper In Fire, more. (Mercury)

100008. Randy Travis: Old 8x10 • Honky Tonk Moon, more. (Warner Bros.)

100927

115457

100713

153740. Genesis: Invisible Touch • (Atlantic)

163579. Andrés Segovia Plays Rodrigo, Ponce & Torroba • Fantasia para un Gentilhombre, Concierto del Sur, Castles Of Spain. (MCA)

100679. Steve Earle: Copperhead Road • (UNI)

134267. Marriner: Mozart, Overtures • Academy of St. Martin. (Angel *DIGITAL*)

125360. By Request...The Best Of John Williams & The Boston Pops • Olympic Fanfare, Liberty Fanfare, more. (Philips *DIGITAL*)

134627. Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 1 • 20 hits! (Laurie)

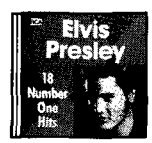
104857. Benny Goodman: Sing, Sing, Sing • (RCA)

115306. Pinnock: Handel, Water Music • The English Concert. "A winner."—Ovation (Archiv *DIGITAL*)

173233

100714

154633



172190

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
Unlike other clubs, you get 50%-off Bonus Savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices, effective with *your first* full-price purchase!

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one *selection at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98)...and take* up to one full year to do it. Then you can choose another CD free as a bonus. That's 6 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense for full credit. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your membership agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

BMG Compact Disc Club
6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194. CD692

COMPACT DISC DIGITAL AUDIO

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club
P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose a FREE bonus CD! That's 6 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

D	D	D	D

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP/SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐ MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

Telephone (Area Code)

Signature YDTCD (BU)

Limited to new members, continental USA only. Current CD Club members not eligible for this offer. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1983 and called for rapid development of a missile defense system in space, Bush was lukewarm. He went along for two reasons. Reagan favored it. And Bush figured it would give the United States "a helluva lot more leverage" in arms control talks with the Soviets, an aide said. What he never bought was Reagan's concept of an astrodome over the entire country, a perfect shield deflecting all nuclear missiles. Still, he defended that theory in public. In 1986 Bush toured Europe with Gen. James Abrahamson, the SDI chief, to fill in NATO leaders on advances in Star Wars research. He hit it off well with Abrahamson, though he'd been warned the general was an SDI zealot. "He ought to be," Bush told an aide. "That's his job. I'll find other people who'll give me the criticism."

Bush did, hearing from Scowcroft, among others. And in the presidential campaign last year, he ran hot and cold on SDI. In a debate with Jack Kemp in Dallas on February 19, 1988, he said he'd only deploy an astrodome. (He didn't mention his doubts about its feasibility.) Short of that, he said he favored only research, not phased deployment of the land-based and space-based parts of SDI. "Premature deployment of something that isn't totally effective would do nothing but cause the Soviets to break out of the ABM Treaty and overwhelm what we've got." Kemp pledged to build and deploy SDI. "It's not that simple, Jack," Bush snapped. He suggested SDI could be bargained away for a new arms control treaty. "I want to reach out for peace and, I'm sorry, I think it's good to be doing that."

At the Republican convention in New Orleans, Bush gave SDI a low priority. His aides even sought, but failed, to soften the platform's strong endorsement of "rapid and certain deployment." Earlier, in Chicago on August 2, he said, "I am committed to deployment of SDI, as soon as feasible, and will determine the exact architecture of the system in my first term, as the technologies are tested and proven. As president, I will not leave America defenseless against ballistic missiles." That meant he favored at least some strategic defense. But then in an interview with Gerald Boyd of the *New York Times* on August 25, he pulled back from deployment, saying that would depend on cost and research.

At the White House, the crucial figure besides Bush in plotting SDI's future is Scowcroft. His skepticism about SDI is profound. But he's a skeptic, not a foe of SDI in all configurations. His main objection to Reagan's vision was not that it wouldn't work, but that it would weaken deterrence and drain funds from other military programs. In a report he and James Woolsey wrote last fall, he warned that the astrodome "if pursued seriously . . . would clearly be the major defense initiative, perhaps the major governmental initiative, of the new administration—in practice forestalling many other courses of action in Defense and otherwise." He wasn't for that. But in interviews, he's spoken favorably of a limited, ground-based missile defense, and he's said Bush likes this approach, too.

Scowcroft's choice as arms control expert on his staff, Kanter, isn't even for this. In a paper published last September, Kanter said any plan to deploy land-based or space-based defense in the 1990s "should be put on the shelf." According to Kanter, "the weight of argument is against a commitment to early deployment." Rather, the Bush administration should carry on an SDI research and development program at $2 billion to $3 billion a year. This may not fly with Bush, however, since it's what Michael Dukakis proposed in the campaign.

Two things happened in 1988 to make Bush more comfortable with SDI. First, word came from then-Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci and Abrahamson that the Reagan astrodome scheme was a dream. The goal in Star Wars—and indeed the position of SDI supporters—quickly changed from a perfect defense to one that would knock out enough missiles to shake Soviet confidence in attacking in the first place. Second, the idea of Brilliant Pebbles arrived. Not only was Bush impressed, but so was Scowcroft when he was briefed on the subject. William Graham, the White House science adviser, practically gushes. Brilliant Pebbles "addresses the problems of cost, weight, and survivability in a direct and simple manner," he says.

In his final report in February as SDI chief, Abrahamson called Brilliant Pebbles an "opportunity . . . for both improved performance and dramatic cost reduction." Its feasibility could be proved in two years, maybe as early as this spring. Deployment would follow in three years, he said. "This could be accomplished for less than $10 billion." When a new command and control capability is added, "the total research, development, and deployment cost" is $25 billion, much less than initially envisioned for a space-based system. In fact, Abrahamson said, it would cost "substantially less" than making MX missiles mobile and deploying a new single-warhead missile called Midgetman, a plan favored by Larry Welch, the Air Force chief of staff, and Representative Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

Three days after he arrived at the Pentagon, Cheney publicly chastised Welch for concocting an MX-Midgetman deal while the Bush administration is undergoing a review of defense and national security issues. He didn't denounce the deal itself, but in fact he looks askance at it. Cheney is a longtime backer of MX and SDI. One of his first acts as defense secretary was to get a fresh briefing on SDI, including Brilliant Pebbles. At his initial press conference, he brought up SDI without being asked about it. His friend from the House, Representative Jon Kyl of Arizona, sent him a three-page letter arguing that money for Midgetman would have to come out of SDI funds. In April, Cheney will advise Bush on MX, Midgetman, and SDI. Chances are, Brilliant Pebbles will be high on his agenda, and Bush will agree. Scowcroft may object, but his influence won't be enough "to turn Bush around," says a senior White House official.

There's another sign that SDI is alive at the Bush White House. In a speech on March 23, Quayle leaped on the Brilliant Pebbles bandwagon. "Its small size—less than 100 pounds fully fueled, barely a meter in length—adapts it to low-cost launch capability and simplifies the survivability problem," he said. It's affordable, and "its use of available, largely demonstrated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

technologies would facilitate its development significantly. . . . It could revolutionize much of our thinking about strategic defense." He said the Bush administration is committed to SDI deployment. For days before Quayle's speech, the text circulated at the White House. Neither Scowcroft nor Kanter asked Quayle to restrain his enthusiasm for SDI or Brilliant Pebbles. Maybe they knew something.

The ABC's of Tibet.

'A' IS FOR AUTONOMY

By Edward Luttwak

AUTONOMY: what the Tibetans want, to preserve their culture, language, and religion; what the Chinese claim the Tibetans already have because in Beijing they print maps on which a part of Tibet is labeled an "autonomous region." In the meantime, Chinese officials rule Tibet far more intrusively than the British Raj ever ruled India.

BUDDHISM: the essence of Tibetan culture; a mere superstition to the Chinese. That in itself is a great improvement, for during the long nightmare of the Cultural Revolution (1964-78), Tibet's religion was treated as a disease, whose cure was the wholesale destruction of monasteries, the killing of monks, and the burning of texts.

COLONIALISM: a species of oppression vehemently opposed by successive Chinese governments, except when practiced in Tibet, where it is more definitive than usual; if Chinese immigration continues, the two million Tibetans will become strangers in their own land. Chinese colonialism has included the usual benefits (roads, clinics, etc.) and has evoked the usual ingratitude of colonial subjects who prefer that insubstantial commodity listed under "F."

DALAI LAMA: a merely religious figure according to the Chinese but the only leader accepted by Tibetans everywhere. In India since the repression of the great uprising of March 1959. The Chinese have invited him to return, but only on the condition that he live in Beijing, not Tibet.

EXILE: the fate of many Tibetans and much of the Tibetan elite, now scattered from Nepal to Boulder, Colorado.

FREEDOM: the modest hope of the Tibetans, who demand not outright independence, but only the right to live as Tibetans in their own land, free of Chinese interference in their domestic affairs.

GUNS: the instrument of many other freedom struggles, though still rejected by the Dalai Lama and his Buddhist followers so long as hope of a nonviolent solution persists (but see "K," below).

HUMAN RIGHTS: a justifiably popular and historically successful dimension of U.S. foreign policy, vitiated only by unequal application: it is not their fault if Tibetans are not an oppressed *Soviet* minority.

INDIA: home of the largest Tibetan community in exile, a group known for its hard work, charming ways, and general good behavior, all virtues reciprocated by Indians at large and the Indian government, whose treatment of the Tibetans has been exemplary. Instead of being kept idle in camps for display purposes (there has been a Sino-Indian conflict, and there was a propaganda struggle), Tibetan refugees were immediately offered *permanent* settlement, often in highly desirable mountain resorts, where the Tibetans very soon became economically self-sufficient, mainly by craft work and in the tourist trade (the "hill stations" are full of well-off Indians during the hot season).

JAPAN: by far the most important (mostly) Buddhist country, whose Foreign Ministry will help Palestinian but not Tibetan refugees, the latter having no known connection to oil production. Also the home of Buddhist temples rich enough to employ full-time investment specialists, but only willing to donate to fashionable causes, supported by famous rock singers.

KHAMBAS: Tibetan minority whose guerrillas held out for several years after the 1959 uprising with CIA assistance, delivered by air drops and porterage over the Himalayas. The Chinese version of Tibet's pre-Communist history depicts the Khambas as the exploited victims of the Dalai Lama's ancien régime; evidently there is a historiographical disagreement, because the Dalai Lama's perilous 1959 escape to India was made possible only by the brave rearguard fight of the Khambas, who rose as one man to hold back the Chinese pursuit columns.

LHASA: capital of Tibet, site of huge monasteries now mostly in ruins, of a well-preserved pilgrimage temple of surpassing fascination, of the Dalai Lama's very modest residence (now a small museum) and of recurrent street battles between desperate Tibetans and violent Chinese police.

MAO: the Chinese ruler (d. 1976) who incited his Red Guard disciples to utterly destroy the great monasteries that sustained Tibetan culture, and to burn every book in Tibetan—except for the Tibetan translation of his "little red book."

NEUTRALIZED ZONE: what Tibet would become if the Chinese were to concede its autonomy, thereby gaining a vast strategic advantage. Not only would China be able to transfer scarce helicopter-equipped forces from the Tibet-India border to its border with the U.S.S.R., but more broadly, Moscow's two-way squeeze strategy based on the Indian distraction would be neatly evaded. The neutralization of Tibet would also yield large savings to the Chinese, for even their frugal occupation troops are expensive in Tibet: in many cases, it takes dollars of fuel to deliver 50 cents of ammunition.

OPPRESSION: the plight of many other nations as well, but not often compounded by both cultural denial and demographic warfare, as in Tibet's case.

POTALA: the hugely impressive many-storied monastery that rises on a mountain slope overlooking Lhasa; the former seat of the Dalai Lamas, it is now a Chinese-run museum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUESTION OF TIBET, THE: a so far unrealized hope for the Tibetans, i.e., the elevation of their largely overlooked plight to the status of a problem in international politics—a problem that if pressed by the U.S. government might well be solved by the Chinese acceptance of a true autonomy, which would be strategically advantageous (see "N") and gain much goodwill, now damaged by the harsh brutalities often witnessed and sometimes filmed by tourists.

REALPOLITIK: the logic that once compelled the U.S. government to ignore the Human Rights of the Tibetans, for the sake of Chinese cooperation against the dynamically expanding Soviet Union of the 1970s. Now that its necessity is past in this particular case, the logic has a continuing half-life as a State Department policy habit, predictably defended by its Sinologists (see "S" below). Somebody should explain to our homegrown Bismarcks that realpolitik defines what the insecure must do in order to survive (such as tolerate the misconduct of allies), not what Great Powers should do once duly secure, which is to pursue their own interests, moral as well as material.

SINOLOGISTS: an influential academic sect dedicated to the twin propositions that only they understand how to deal with China, and that U.S. conduct toward its government should always be deferential, regardless of Chinese conduct in Tibet, or anywhere else. Only Sinologists believe that if Beijing is displeased it will promptly rejoin the so-called "Sino-Soviet Bloc."

TIBET: 1. A barren mountain territory of no economic importance; 2. An unforgettably beautiful land of towering peaks (including Mt. Everest), glacial lakes of strange hues, and dramatic valleys; 3. A de facto independent country under nominal Chinese suzerainty for much of its history, lightly garrisoned by the Manchus for some decades until 1912, reoccupied by the Chinese army after 1950, and under minutely detailed colonial rule since 1959, when the Dalai Lama and tens of thousands of Tibetans fled to India.

UNITED NATIONS: the world body that ministers to the plight of all Great Powers and of such highly selected nationalities as they care to support—for whose General Assembly and Security Council Tibet does not exist.

VERBAL: as in support, that being the only kind extended to the Tibetans from any government. The State Department version is not so reckless, and may best be defined as "guarded verbal support."

WASHINGTON: Seat of the U.S. Congress, a few of whose members adorn that body by their willingness, though unsupported by PACs and paid lobbyists, to devote recurrent attention to the Tibetan cause, which is still unfashionable in left-wing circles for the lack of a Chinese Pinochet to hate, and even more unfashionable in hard-line circles, for which the "PRC = anti-Soviet = good" equation conjugates the Tibetans into a most inappropriate "anti-PRC = bad" solution.

EDWARD LUTTWAK holds the Arleigh Burke Chair in Strategy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

The second marriage of Keynes and Adam Smith.

BLOC THAT TRADE

By Robert Kuttner

On January 1, after bitter debate in Canada, the Free Trade Agreement took effect, creating generally open commerce between the United States and Canada. Bush administration officials have hinted that Mexico might next be welcomed into a North American common market. Across the Atlantic, the 12-nation European Community is working feverishly toward the 1992 deadline for completion of a free single market. In the Orient, Japan is becoming the mother country of a latter-day Greater East Asia Coprosperity Sphere, linked not by the Imperial Navy, but by selectively low trade barriers, Japanese bank credits, foreign aid, Japanese investment, joint ventures, and the power of the yen.

On the face of it, these developments seem cause for celebration. Both the U.S.-Canada deal and post-1992 Europe can be expected to create more free trade, and even the Asian economic sphere has its efficiencies. Still, most economists and U.S. diplomats are wary about the prospect of a world economy that consists of a few large trading blocs.

Free traders argue that even if a trading bloc doesn't raise new, collective barriers to trade with the outside world, it can be destructive both of economic efficiency and of the political logic of the trading system. Whenever one nation's products are favored over another's, this is in some sense a loss for economic efficiency and consumer choice. However much it expands U.S.-Canada trade, a North American free trade area means that U.S. consumers have freer access to Canadian products than to, say, Korean ones.

To put the matter in political terms, champions of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free trade worry that any retreat into bilateral deals undermines the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the GATT, whose most sacred principle is that the products of all nations should get the same treatment as the "most favored nation." A favorite metaphor (and tired cliché) of free traders is the bicycle. You have to keep pedaling faster or you wobble. Ever freer trade is said to be necessary to keep the multilateral system from backsliding into protectionism. Hence the fear that regional free trade is the first slide down a slippery slope, away from postwar multilateralism, toward inward-looking economic fortresses reminiscent of the depressed 1930s.

In trying to decide whether these fears are valid, it helps to locate trading blocs in their historical context. The late 1980s have seen the crumbling of the world economic system conceived in the 1940s, though the institutional shell of that system endures. The creations of the great burst of postwar statecraft—the GATT, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund—reflected America's determination to build an international economic system that would avoid repeating two errors: the excesses of laissez-faire during the 1920s, which helped trigger the Great Depression; and the protectionist response of many nations during the early 1930s, which only deepened it.

These were essentially opposite impulses—one toward more planning and government control, and one toward less. They were reconciled in a global economic regime that steered a midcourse between John Maynard Keynes and Adam Smith. In the grand postwar compromise, free trade presumably reigned internationally, while domestic market forces were tempered by Keynesian macroeconomic stabilization, trade unionism, and a welfare state. In practice, free commerce across national borders was also limited by fixed exchange rates, capital controls, the dominance of the U.S. dollar, and relatively high tariffs. Still, the stated goal of the global trading system was a gradual and relentless move toward ever freer trade.

Recent political and economic shifts have undermined the logic of this U.S.-anchored postwar economic system. For one, the bipolarity of the early cold war is softening, undermining the geopolitical logic of membership in a U.S.-led system. At the same time, a relatively weakened United States is no longer able to serve as the flywheel of the world economy. But more than that, the newly liberalized and integrated global economy has outrun the domestic stabilizers that were supposed to give each nation a measure of control over its economic destiny. Now that goods, services, and money flow so freely in and out of the U.S. economy, for example, traditional forms of government control—fiscal and monetary policy—have less impact than they once did. Similarly, it is harder these days for a government to enforce a generous social policy—a high minimum wage, say—without losing markets to lower-wage competition.

The appeal of a trading bloc, even for a free trade purist, is that it expands the reach of free trade, but within an area in which it is possible to have a common macroeconomic strategy, and a common understanding of desirable social arrangements. This is, of course, not possible when the free trade area is the entire world, and the reach of the market overwhelms the reach of the polity. In that sense the vogue of free trade areas suggests an urge to restore the compromise between laissez-faire and government regulation that was the aim of postwar reforms.

But this is seldom acknowledged. In the revisionist collective memory of the 1940s, postwar reconstruction is celebrated for its economic liberalism, not for its careful mix of laissez-faire and planning. The stabilization lessons of the 1930s and 1940s have been all but forgotten, and the very concept has been banished from the economic lexicon. The only practical choice is seen as ever freer markets, which are presumed inherently virtuous, versus "protectionism," which is by definition self-serving and vicious. Recent history offers a frantic oscillation between the sacred ideological imperative of ever freer markets and the profane business of looking with almost equal urgency for practical economic stabilizing devices to offset the chaos that laissez-faire can engender. Viewed in that light, the attractions of a free trade area are obvious. It allows one to have his cake and eat it too. It expands freer trade, but in a manageable context.

In Western Europe, the champions of the common market have always been the relative economic liberals. They understood that creation of a pan-European market would wean individual nations from nationalist and statist economics. The early opponents of European integration were socialists who feared that the unleashing of market forces would wreck their economic planning. Yet even Europe's liberals appreciated that pure laissez-faire was untenable. In their conception, a transnational common market was a superb compromise between market and state.

This same synthesis can be seen in the texture of the U.S.-Canada deal. It is mainly an agreement to phase out tariffs and "non-tariff barriers," such as quotas, technical standards, and regulatory obstacles, over a ten-year period. It ducks some key questions, such as the legitimacy of subsidies, and papers over several others. The deal also assents to some major sectors of managed trade, such as lumber and automobile parts, which account for a sizable share of cross-border commerce. Canadian auto parts are admitted duty-free to the United States but only if they are at least 50 percent made-in-Canada. This gives Canadian suppliers preference in the U.S. market, and slows down penetration by third-country suppliers, notably Japan.

The U.S. government has tried to paint the Canada deal as both a friend of free trade and a second-best alternative to it. While celebrating the deal as a victory for the forces of free trade, Secretary of State James Baker has warned other nations, virtually in the same breath, that if progress in the current Uruguay round of multilateral trade talks fails, the U.S.-Canada pact suggests a rough model of how the United States might choose to go it alone. The State Department has also claimed that the U.S.-Canada deal is really GATT-friendly, since other nations might join it. But that's silly. The relationship between the United States and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada is in so many ways unique—the geographic proximity, comparable wage rates, extensive cross-border investment—that other nations won't be able to join in by merely signing on the dotted line. Also highly improbable is the much-discussed grand U.S.-Japan free trade area. Since most of Japan's trade barriers are covert, bargaining away the remaining overt barriers to U.S.-Japan trade would only worsen our bilateral trade deficit. Besides, a U.S.-Japan trade deal would be a virtual declaration of economic war on the European Community (which, incidentally, is also not likely to expand easily to encompass many other nations).

The differences between the U.S.-Canada deal and the post-1992 version of the European Community are significant. U.S.-Canada is merely a reciprocal agreement to reduce trade barriers. It is not a customs union, and does not establish a common external tariff. Nor does U.S.-Canada set up a supranational authority with real political power, like the EC Commission. To the extent that the U.S.-Canada Free Trade Area impinges on Canadian sovereignty, it cedes political sovereignty to market forces. The EC, in sharp contrast, doesn't cede sovereignty to the market so much as elevate sovereignty to a supranational body—and one that happens to believe in industrial policies, trade unionism, a welfare state, and the other elements of a 1940s-style mixed economy.

This explains much of the nervousness on this side of the Atlantic about Europe after 1992. American free traders have always viewed Brussels, headquarters of the EC, as a nest of closet mercantilists, and there is great suspicion that, as one former U.S. Treasury official recently wrote, "We may have created a Frankenstein that will regulate, not liberate, the European economy." Europe, to a far greater extent than the United States, has used national industrial policies, subsidies, technical standards, and deliberate policies of exclusion (mainly directed against the Japanese) to assure that the next generation of Euro-industry is around to compete in such key industries as semiconductors, aviation, consumer electronics, steel, and so on—and to create economic space in which to practice an advanced welfare state. In the shift to Community-wide standards as part of the 1992 "single market," these subsidies, quotas, technical regulations, etc., become Europeanized, not dismantled. That 1992 is the brainchild of Jacques Delors, a Frenchman and a socialist, only fuels American suspicions.

The surprising success of the European Monetary System—a quite illiberal, decade-old mini-Bretton Woods zone of exchange rate stability anchored by the deutsche mark and the West German Bundesbank—also makes Washington uneasy. It suggests a monetary zone independent of the U.S. dollar. Indeed, the original, and most extreme, trading bloc of this century was the creation of Hitler's economics minister, Hjalmar Schacht, who used bilateral trade deals within a Reichmark area as a deliberate adjunct of Nazi foreign policy in the Balkans and in South America, where the Germans offered their trading partners a form of scrip exchangeable only for German products.

The Japanese have been far more nimble at paying obeisance to American norms of global openness while quietly pursuing their own regional course. By the visible indicators of tariffs or quotas, the Japanese economy appears open. There is no evidence of a "yen bloc," or of exclusionary bilateral Japanese treaties. Yet Japanese multinational firms tend to be rather more nationalistic than their American counterparts. There are growing linkages between Japanese firms and satellite industries in low-wage Asian countries. Japan has also become the world's No. 1 donor of foreign economic aid, much of which is closely linked to Japanese commercial objectives.

Despite all these trends, one would be very hard-pressed to make a case that the world is really deteriorating into hard trading blocs. The interpenetration of the American, European, and Japanese economies by firms and banks flying various flags (and sometimes no flag—or several) suggests that a truly global economy is alive and well, despite the failure of a great deal of global trade to conform to GATT rules. Thus, when Honda, responding to "voluntary" restraints on American imports of Japanese cars, sets up shop in the United States, the ends of free international trade are being served. To the extent that the success of Japanese factories is due to management technique or manufacturing technology, Japan's comparative advantage is substantially realized even when Honda's factories are in the United States. One can imagine trading blocs, with strong barriers to capital flow and technology, that would impede such movement of technology, but today's relatively soft trading blocs pose no such barriers.

All of this suggests that the trading system may at last be recognizing that there are worse things than a dose of stability, and better fates than unadulterated laissez-faire. One can imagine several scenarios for the coming decades. At one extreme, the United States tries to maintain an idealized global free trade system, which it no longer has the power either to enforce or to anchor. At the other extreme, the world really does become three trading blocs, in which the EC survives as a semifortress, energized by new commercial links to a more liberal Eastern Europe; Japan realizes its ancient dream of regional dominion in partnership with the mercantilist ministates of the Pacific basin; and the United States is left with Canada and, by default, with the high-debt, low-enterprise hardship cases of the Third World—Brazil, India, Mexico, and assorted smaller economies, mainly in Latin America.

But a far more probable and benign scenario is that the United States will at last recognize two realities. First, it could admit that other nations need to take greater responsibility for the health of the trading system, both to uphold that system and to allow the United States room to pursue its national economic self-interest. Freed of the burden of being the world's free trade role model, we could then be a tougher bargainer in bilateral negotiations and could prevail upon nations such as Germany and Japan to quit running chronic, huge trade surpluses. Second, the United States could recognize that few nations share our own view of the virtues of pristine laissez-faire. A more genuinely multilateral system would allow for various departures from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purist free trade, ranging from national industrial policies, to technology and market-sharing deals, to the continued proliferation of regional blocs that introduce more liberalism to trade, even if they fall short of the global ideal.

Lately there have been several noteworthy cracks in the purist dike, both in practice and in theory. Even the Reagan administration committed industrial policy, in ventures like Sematech. And trade reciprocity—tough bargaining for bilateral liberalizing of trade, even including the threat of punitive protectionist measures—is gaining respectability as a U.S. policy goal. The Bush administration, at this writing, is wrestling with the recognition that it matters whether the U.S. government helps the Japanese to gain a technological foothold in commercial aviation. And the coming of Europe 1992 will force the administration to clarify further its industrial goals—to ask, for example, whether the United States should mount a challenge to the United European attempt to set the standard for (and then dominating the manufacturing of) high-definition TV.

Perhaps, in this new context, the United States can begin devoting its energies toward negotiating common ground rules for a necessarily mixed system, rather than spending all its diplomatic capital in a vain attempt to preserve the purity of laissez-faire. A mixed system, under plural guardianship, could be a plus both for global stability and for the U.S. economy. It's time for the angel of the postwar system to look homeward.

When doctors become judges.

MARCUS WELBY, J.D.

By William Saletan and Nancy Watzman

One summer night in 1985, Lisa Grimshaw watched her boyfriend put two baseball bats in the trunk of her car, then drove him and another man to a secluded boat ramp and dropped them off. Next she picked up her estranged husband from work, drove him to the boat ramp, and told him she wanted to have sex. When he got out of the car, the other two men emerged from hiding and beat him to death.

At Grimshaw's murder trial two months ago, her attorneys argued that she had acted in self-defense. Ordinarily, that wouldn't be a plausible defense for someone who sought out another person and escorted him to an ambush killing. But Grimshaw's attorneys told the jury that, after years of physical abuse and harassment at the hands of her estranged husband, she suffered from "battered woman syndrome." This mental disorder, they said, caused her to believe that her life was in imminent danger and that alternatives to having her husband beaten with baseball bats were not available. One characteristic of the syndrome, they said, was that women who commit violence against their batterers do not intend to kill them.

Dr. Lenore Walker, the discoverer/inventor and leading exponent of battered woman syndrome, told the jurors that it is recognized by mental health professionals as a subcategory of "Post-traumatic Stress Disorder" (PTSD), an umbrella mental disease canonized in the American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (DSM) in 1980. Dr. Robert Spitzer, the DSM's most recent editor, told the jury it wasn't. The perplexed jurors finally decided to convict Grimshaw of manslaughter rather than murder. Walker applauds the verdict as "one of a handful where we're sort of stretching the whole issue of imminent danger to not just the woman defending herself, but engaging somebody else to help defend her."

Spitzer himself had actually opened this Pandora's box. In 1980, at the urging of Vietnam veterans' advocates, a DSM committee he chaired officially recognized PTSD as a disorder and traced its origin to episodes "outside the range of usual human experience." This phrase, as codified in the all-powerful DSM, encompassed not just military combat but also rape, assault, floods, earthquakes, car accidents, airplane crashes, large fires, the collapse of physical structures, bombing, torture, and death camps.

PTSD has appeared in hundreds of civil and criminal trials in the United States since 1980. Among potential PTSD spinoffs, so far battered woman syndrome (BWS), rape trauma syndrome, and child abuse syndrome have seen the most use in court. But this could be just the beginning. A number of other "diseases" are taking shape in professional circles and could soon make it into the courtroom, especially if their supporters succeed in getting them into the DSM. These include "Post-Abortion Syndrome," "Oppression Artifact Disorder" (said to afflict blacks, gays, lesbians, and other oppressed groups), and "Victimization Disorder."

WILLIAM SALETAN is managing editor of the Hotline, a political news service. NANCY WATZMAN is a free-lance writer in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These aspiring disorders can be expected to receive powerful lobbying support. Together, the mental health professionals who define new diseases and the lawyers who labor to broaden their definitions form an emerging industry that recasts people's unfortunate life histories as the root causes of ailments, which can then win insurance compensation or civil awards for the victims, or insulate them from criminal responsibility.

One reason this is a growth industry is that it can mine past cases as well as current ones. If a Vietnam veteran was convicted before the DSM certified PTSD in 1980, his lawyers argue on appeal that PTSD constitutes critical newly discovered evidence. If he was convicted afterward, they argue that the original defense attorney, by overlooking PTSD, failed to provide effective counsel. This makes every incarcerated Vietnam veteran a good candidate for a PTSD appeal.

The PTSD legal movement broke new ground when, in 1980, a Boston federal court acquitted Michael Tindall of flying illegal drugs into the United States. Upon returning from Vietnam, Tindall had done a series of strange things. He hung his bed from the ceiling of his home, took LSD, went cave-diving, and flew planes at dangerously low altitudes. Eventually he was recruited into a drug scheme by Peter Krutschewski, his senior warrant officer and "father figure" in Vietnam.

Tindall's star witness was Dr. John Wilson of Cleveland State University. Wilson, who had pioneered research on PTSD, pegged Tindall as a victim of "action-addict syndrome," which he regards as a subcategory of PTSD. "The person actually craves dangerous, thrilling situations that psychologically create a parallel state to the original trauma—living on edge, having the adrenaline flowing," says Wilson. "During the trauma, whatever they did to survive paid off. It kept them alive. And they had a sense of active mastery. So now they crave situations in which they can once again have active mas-

One Toke Over The Line

After a three-month trial last fall, a New York jury acquitted Joel Steinberg of second-degree murder in the death of his adopted daughter, Lisa. Jurors told reporters that one reason for the verdict was that Steinberg had used cocaine for days before he struck Lisa and then again afterward, as she lay unconscious on the bathroom floor for hours. Some jurors, according to the *New York Times*, "were not sure that his drug-dulled mind could act with the 'depraved indifference' for another person's life that is called for by the second-degree murder law." Instead, the jury found Steinberg guilty of first-degree manslaughter, which requires only an intent to cause serious injury. Judge Harold Rothwax had directed the jury to acquit Steinberg of that charge too if they found that cocaine had left him incapable of forming an intent to injure Lisa.

The Steinberg case poses in a particularly gruesome way a question that we can expect to encounter often in the future: Is a person who commits a crime under the influence of drugs responsible for his actions? The normal workings of the law give a strange answer. Oversimplified, it is that more drugs can mean less responsibility. Using drugs does not itself excuse crime. But drug use so extreme as to raise doubts about what the accused "meant" to do can mean less time in jail.

Something like Judge Rothwax's instructions would be given to juries in most states in cases where a defendant had been using cocaine prior to a crime. And in negotiating over cases that don't go to trial, plea-bargaining prosecutors and defense attorneys often weigh drug use. Of course, many juries hold defendants fully responsible despite drug use. But the law invites the idea of partial responsibility. Most states allow defendants to raise a formal defense of chemical intoxication. And as of 1986, 15 states had gone further and created a "diminished capacity" defense as a legal way station between innocence and full criminal responsibility for people influenced by drugs, alcohol, or mental distress.

In using the ingestion of chemicals as a partial defense, criminals aren't confined to drugs. There was the famous "Twinkie defense," in which Dan White, who killed San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, blamed the crime on emotional stress linked to junk food binges. (White, like Steinberg, was acquitted of murder and convicted only of manslaughter, though it's impossible to say what role the Twinkies played in the jury's decision.) And surely it is only a matter of time before anabolic steroids, which can induce aggressiveness and instability, make the headlines of crime stories.

Deeply rooted in American culture, and reflected in law, is the idea that we are responsible for our actions only if we have free choice. The law punishes harm purposefully done, but a person who kills or injures in circumstances beyond his control does not go to jail. Thus, we imprison the man who plots his enemy's death for weeks and methodically carries out his plan. He is a cold-blooded murderer. We punish not at all the man who has a heart attack while driving and kills a pedestrian.

For the most part, our overriding interest in protecting the public from harm is well served by this distinction. After all, the heart attack victim is not very dangerous, since the circumstances that made him an agent of harm are unlikely to recur. So there is no point, practically speaking, in putting him in jail. Moreover, holding him up as an example would have no effect in deterring others from repeating his behavior. On the other hand, the cold-blooded murderer could well repeat his crime if not imprisoned, and others contemplating like crimes would be encouraged to commit them if he were not punished.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tery, because unconsciously, they fear that if they stop doing that stuff, they're going to die."

"The neurophysiology of it," Wilson continues, "is that these levels of heightened stimulation induce opiate secretion, which has an anti-depressant effect, the runner's-high kind of thing. The endorphins then hold back the onset of depression and intrusive imagery. When they stop doing the action-junkie stuff, then they get flooded with negative affect and trauma-related injury. . . . It is actually a narcotic in that way."

For Tindall and other veteran pilots, the fix was flying. Krutschewski and Tindall "literally re-created their military unit and had another mission," Wilson says. "Except instead of shooting Vietnamese, they smuggled 7,000 pounds of inert hashish from Morocco to Gloucester, Massachusetts. Tindall was not a drug dealer. All he wanted was the thrill." Tindall's acquittal set a precedent. Today, law review articles cite drug-smuggling as a likely criminal outlet for "action addicts."

"Action addiction" epitomizes one pitfall of the disease-pioneering trend. In trying to document the existence of a disorder, scientists often point to a correlation between biochemistry and behavior and then assert that the biochemistry caused the behavior. But if you buy this line of argument, then all criminals could argue with equal persuasiveness that their behavior is under biochemical control. If action addiction is understood to relieve the agent of responsibility, it's a possible defense for anyone who gets a "thrill" out of committing a crime, since presumably the physiological correlates of that thrill could be pinpointed with sufficient research.

Wilson has also coined a PTSD subcategory called "depression-suicide syndrome," whose victims tend to commit poorly planned crimes with the "unconscious goal" of being killed or caught. What often underlies this desire, it seems, is guilt about having committed

In the rare instance where a criminal is judged not morally responsible but is nonetheless dangerous, courts try to find ways to protect the public from further harm. The one percent of defendants who are judged so mentally ill that they are not responsible for their actions are committed to mental hospitals, to receive treatment—at least theoretically—until they are no longer a threat.

The trouble comes when courts are faced with a crime committed under the influence of drugs. Here a person can have his sentence sharply reduced even though there is no reason to believe that he is any less dangerous than the drug-free criminal who is forced to serve a longer sentence. After all, people who commit crimes in drug-induced stupors may be dangerous whenever the stupors reoccur. And for drug users, those stupors have a way of occurring time and time again.

Another problem with the current treatment of drug-influenced criminals is that it sends the wrong message to drug users. The idea that a person can take a pill that partly insulates him from moral and criminal culpability seems absurd on the face of it, and dangerous as well, in a society rife with pills. It's not likely that Joel Steinberg hit Lisa, saw she was dying, and decided he would spend less time in jail if he smoked cocaine than if he took her to a hospital. But he might have been right.

The question of how chemicals dilute personal responsibility goes well beyond the ingestion of drugs and steroids and junk food. The law speaks the language of free will. But science is deterministic. It seeks physical causes. The doubt it raises about whether people on drugs are responsible for their actions is only a small tremor preceding a momentous clash between growing evidence that behavior can be traced to chemical reactions in the brain and the law's insistence that behavior be punished only when it is a matter of "choice." As science advances, responsibility retreats.

Lawyers can be counted on to hasten this process. Creative legal thinkers have suggested that premenstrual syndrome can lead to anti-social behavior and should be recognized as a new criminal defense. Several cases in England have relieved women of criminal responsibility based on this theory. In 1961 it was discovered that a few males have an extra Y chromosome, and evidence began to accumulate that this abnormality is statistically linked to anti-social behavior. Legal scholars have spent years debating whether there should be an "XYY chromosome defense."

All of life's experiences may someday be reduced to hormones and neurotransmitters. But the law should nonetheless expect that we will struggle mightily to rise above our drug dependencies, our drinking habits, our genes, and the various other determinants of our behavior, and not commit whatever crimes science can tell us we are prone to. To this end, the court's inquiry into intent should be narrow. It should ask what happened, not why.

The questions asked at sentencing can then be—as they are now—much broader. Why did the defendant commit the crime? His broken home, his drug use, his prior criminal record, his friendships, an assessment of his mental health, and, yes, even information about his chromosomes can provide clues for judges. But the ultimate aim of the sentencing inquiry should be not to assign moral blame, but to answer explicitly more practical questions: Is he likely to repeat the crime? What might influence his future behavior? As science relentlessly encroaches on such long-standing legal concepts as free will and moral responsibility, the language of the law will have to take on an increasingly pragmatic cast.

MARY GRAHAM

Mary Graham is a writer in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some comparable crime in the past. So defense lawyers can find themselves in the odd position of trying to keep a defendant out of jail by demonstrating what a thoroughly reprehensible person he is. In a case in Oregon, a veteran was acquitted of trying to kill his ex-wife after his attorney established that he was haunted by memories of slaughtering three Vietnamese children. Wilson recalls testifying on behalf of a veteran who had "wasted everything" including "kids and elderly" in a Vietnamese village during the war. Flooded with "unconscious guilt" on the anniversary of that episode, he "went out and got himself drunk, to numb the pain," and ended up waving a gun around in a bar. "What he really wanted was to have someone shoot him," says Wilson. What he got, with Wilson's help, was a release from jail and a job.

Trauma syndromes boil down to explanations of behavior in terms of prior experience. They are thus useful as models for treatment and research. And some of their uses in the courtroom are legitimate attempts to support a plea of self-defense or temporary insanity. The classic cases are, respectively, a woman who recognizes familiar signs of an impending beating and acts to defend herself, and a Vietnam veteran who lashes out during a flashback. The state of mind of such a veteran at the time of the crime is indeed comparable to that of a schizophrenic, and he deserves comparable judicial treatment. But syndromes themselves aren't blanket excuses, and the campaign to stretch them to cover people like Grimshaw and Tindall has made it difficult for judges and juries to sort out the legitimate uses from the illegitimate.

Thus, a term like "child abuse syndrome," originally used to explain the behavior of the abused toward the abuser, is easily distorted and misapplied. Attorneys in Florida, seeking to block the execution of a man who had fatally beaten and choked his daughter, argued that he had been abused as a child and that the consequent "child abuse syndrome" had contributed to his behavior.

The most flagrant misuses of syndrome defenses tend to come from ambulance-chasing lawyers, whose search for the dramatic, innovative defense can sink their clients. Three months ago a Nevada woman won a new trial, after being convicted of first-degree murder, on grounds that her attorney had ill-served her. She had passed up several plea bargain offers on advice that a BWS-PTSD defense would get her off. Her attorney had privately told the psychologist whose aid he solicited, "If we won this case, we'd be flying across the country as a consulting team in special cases like this. . . . I'd have to hire people to help me I'd be so busy."

The invasion of syndromes into a legal system that is poorly equipped scientifically has brought much inconsistency. In Boston in 1980, Wilson was allowed to testify about action-addiction syndrome for Tindall but was blocked from testifying in the trial of Tindall's accomplice and fellow veteran, Krutschewski, which was going on simultaneously in the same federal courthouse. Last December the Maryland Court of Special Appeals upheld a lower court's exclusion of BWS testimony in the case of a woman who shot her husband while he was asleep. The appeals court said BWS isn't relevant when the woman is the aggressor. That's plausible, but it doesn't square with the Grimshaw verdict, or with the Georgia Supreme Court's decision to admit BWS testimony on behalf of a woman who had shot her husband as he was taking a bath.

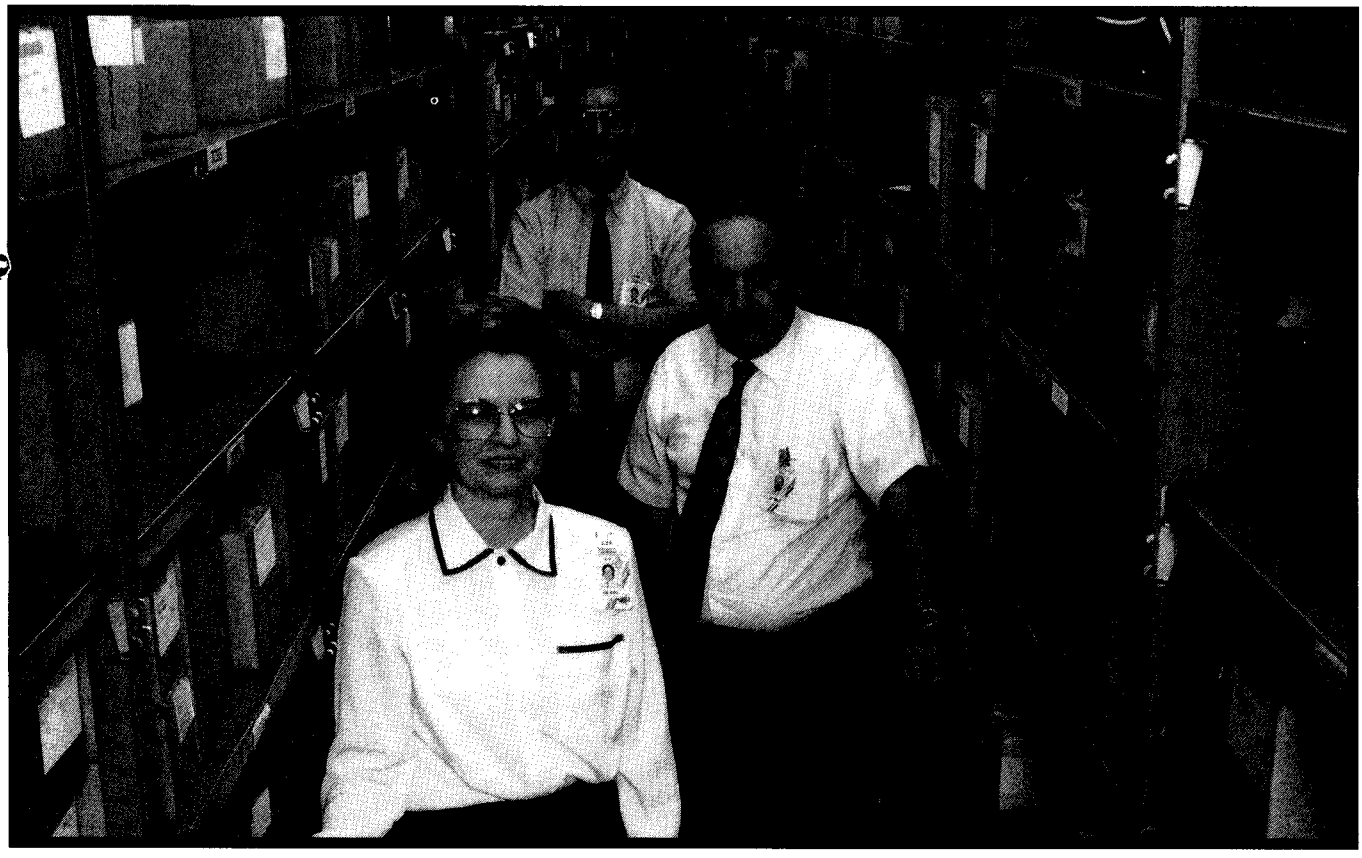
Jurors face a baffling array of putative experts and studies. The National Veterans Legal Service keeps a list of over 200 mental health officials experienced in PTSD treatment. Still, the term "expert" is usually defined as vaguely as the term "syndrome." A Savannah psychologist who helped get a woman acquitted for murdering her husband says his credentials for testifying consist of reading a few journal articles about battered women and holding a license to practice psychology in Georgia. Even Spitzer, one of the APA's top brass, conceded during his testimony in the Grimshaw case that he had seen only two abused women patients. But neophyte experts can always rely on the growing library of books full of syndrome defense recipes. Wilson's new book, *Trauma, Transformation and Healing*, devotes a 66-page chapter to litigation applications, and a group of California PTSD attorneys is producing a 350-page trial manual called "Defending the Vietnam Combat Veteran."

Over the years, DSM certification has been granted for such obscure diseases as "functional encopresis" ("passing feces into places not appropriate for that purpose") and "trichotillomania," whose victims pull out their own hair. For these certifications, extensive research was sufficient to do the trick. But where the political stakes are high, the APA's judgments are subject to lobbying, and litigation. In 1973, for example, gay activists successfully lobbied the APA to remove homosexuality from the body of the DSM; it ended up in the appendix. The debate was so hot that the DSM committee had to put the final decision to a referendum of the APA's 35,000 members, almost all of whom had no particular expertise in the subject.

PTSD was a triumph of political activism. A core group of veterans and mental health professionals got together in the early 1970s to discuss ways of drawing attention to the plight of Vietnam veterans, many of whom were having trouble readjusting to civilian life and were being neglected by the Veterans Administration. "I knew that petitions and peace marches were no longer enough," one leader of the group, psychiatrist Chaim Shatan, recalled later. "I had to use my professional expertise in direct contact with the victims coming home."

According to Shatan, part of the group's "advocacy psychiatry" plan was to accompany veterans to "conventions, war crimes hearings, churches, Congress, the media, and abroad." The other part was to win official recognition for "Post-Combat Syndrome" from the APA. It pushed this idea at the APA's 1975 annual meeting, but the APA balked, citing insufficient research. Wilson, Shatan, and others then hit the road, trying to scrape together money for further studies. Senator Alan Cranston got wind of Wilson's study and called him to testify. "From there, the media started to pick it up," Wilson recalls. "It was covered in *Life* magazine, it got picked up in *Playboy*, it got picked up in *Penthouse*. I was on 'Dona-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"We've got a warehouse the size of a football field. Everyday there are as many as 5000 new aircraft parts coming in or moving out. And they could be in any one of twenty different places.

With a situation like that, finding the one our customer was calling for took some time. But then the bar codes we put on our parts gave us an idea. By running a scanner wand over the code at each station in the route through our warehouse, the part's exact location could be recorded in our mainframe.

Now when customers call we can find what they need in seconds. It was a big change for everybody, from management to loading dock people. But we all wanted it to work—so it has." *—Dick Wolfe, Product Support, Branch Manager*
—Lou Wade, Product Support, Systems Analyst
—John Gibson, Customer Support, Manager

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS
A company of leaders.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hue' a couple of times, '20/20,' '60 Minutes,' you know." Finally, in 1980 the APA bestowed its blessing.

During the latest revision of the DSM, in 1986, there was a furor over proposals to recognize "premenstrual syndrome," "self-defeating disorder," and "paraphiliac coercive disorder," an interesting little diagnosis for men who can become sexually excited only in violent situations. In the end, "paraphiliac coercive disorder" was struck and the other two were relegated to an appendix, thanks to heated protest from feminists and other members. Walker and her feminist allies then successfully lobbied each of the doctors in charge of the the World Health Organization's International Classification of Diseases to reject the new diagnoses entirely. They also targeted the pioneering diagnosticians. "We collected money for our war chest, and we said, 'We're going to sue these bastards,' " says Walker. "They have a responsibility like any other manufacturer."

The next DSM revision is three years off, but already various factions are campaigning for their pet diseases. Spitzer and his allies want to include Victimization Disorder, which includes BWS, child abuse syndrome, and other purported subcategories of PTSD. According to Spitzer, Victimization Disorder describes people who have been victimized, "feel that they are responsible or even deserve to be victimized," and "may themselves feel compelled to victimize others." Another group of psychologists is campaigning to win recognition of Post-Abortion Syndrome as a kind of PTSD. But their primary concern is not to defend women who undergo abortion; the psychologists are pro-lifers, and their aim is to get abortion classified as a stressor "outside the range of usual human experience."

Prominent feminist psychologists such as Marjorie Braude and Laura Brown abhor Spitzer's idea, but they want to "amplify" PTSD as well. They think the category should include "Abuse Disorder," according to which "some people who have been repeated abuse victims tend to become continuous victims or victimize other people." They're also working on Oppression Artifact Disorder, based on the idea that blacks, ethnic minorities, gay men, lesbians, and other "people who are exposed to oppression and discrimination" are "at greater risk to develop some kind of a situational reaction."

As categories for treatment, many of these may be good ideas. But in court, they would wreak havoc. The editors of the last DSM tried to address this paradox with a lame disclaimer saying the DSM may be "inappropriate" for legal settings. Psychiatrist Karen Ritchey, a visiting fellow at the Hastings Center, says the APA should go further by separating the DSM into two documents, one outlining unclear categories in need of further research, and another detailing the better-understood categories, suitable for use by insurance companies and courts.

She's right, but that system won't work without a commitment from attorneys and "experts" to stick by it in court. That means lawyers, psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychoanalysts will have to take more seriously a concept they've now severely damaged: responsibility for their actions. •

STANDARD OFFICE SUPPLIES IN HONG KONG.
A DESK, A CHAIR, A PHONE AND A FISH.

It all seems a little strange when you first start doing business in Hong Kong. Customs are different and the right fish in the right place is as important as the right memo at the right time.

FUNG SHUI MAN It's pronounced "fung soy" and he's a religious man who tells you when is the best time to move into a new office, where to have your desk and whether or not you need a goldfish for the atmosphere it will provide. If you open a new office in Hong Kong, ask your business contacts to recommend their "man." Hire the most expensive one you can find. Skimping on the spirits will only give you a bad business reputation.

GRILLED AT THE GRILL The famous Mandarin Grill at the Mandarin Hotel is "the" place for the important meetings in Hong Kong. The view is quite spectacular and the wine list is impressive. The service is exquisite and the food can only be described as sublime. Tel. 5-220111.

HOW TO KILL YOUR FIRST BIG MEETING Even during the summer months, business dress should always be proper—suits and ties. Informal attire is not appreciated. Also, in Hong Kong, the color red is a symbol of happiness.

NORTHWEST NOTES In addition to convenient service to Hong Kong from over 200 U.S. cities and, starting in June, nonstop service from Seattle on our new Boeing 747-400 widebodies—we give you something no other U.S. airline can offer—the knowledge, information and insight that comes after 40 years of helping people do business in Asia.

LOOK TO US NORTHWEST AIRLINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RED SCARE

By Jerome E. Groopman

Eddie Murphy was smiling his patented smile, cool and lascivious, and draping his arm around the waist of a shapely blonde. Grinning down from a poster on the wall of a dimly lit Leningrad Infectious Disease Clinic, he projected the virile self-confidence that has helped make him one of the most popular movie stars in the United States. But the Soviets see other things in Murphy, or at least in the image of black men with white women. "AIDS Kills," read the block Cyrillic letters at the bottom of the poster.

The poster might come as a shock to Murphy and his agent, but it's not much of a surprise to anyone who has followed official Soviet pronouncements on AIDS. For years the authorities treated the virus as a phenomenon found anywhere but among Russians. Pre-*glasnost*, an energetic Soviet disinformation campaign asserted that the AIDS virus was a product of U.S. biological warfare research. To explain the epidemic of AIDS in the Third World, the Soviets speculated that Haitians and Africans were guinea pigs in our experiments. And the transmission of AIDS in the West beyond homosexuals to inner-city drug users was held up as yet another example of capitalist collapse. Citing the virtual absence of drug abusers and homosexuals in the U.S.S.R.—one Ministry of Health official told me there were only 70,000 homosexuals, all registered with the Ministry of Health—Soviet officials denied that AIDS was a threat.

Now that AIDS is spreading within their borders, the

JEROME E. GROOPMAN is associate professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and director of the AIDS program at New England Deaconess Hospital.

NORTHWEST ASIA SERIES
U.S. RESERVATIONS 1-800-225-2525, INTERNATIONAL RESERVATIONS 1-800-447-4747
© 1989 Northwest Airlines, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviets are changing their tune. So far the authorities have acknowledged only two deaths from AIDS, and the precise number of confirmed cases is still unknown. But in February, *Pravda* projected that by the year 2000 the U.S.S.R. will have "up to 15 million infected and up to 200,000 sick or dead." (According to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control, 49,390 of the 86,157 Americans who have contracted the disease have died, and an estimated one million to 1.5 million Americans carry the virus.) How *Pravda* came up with these mind-boggling numbers is anyone's guess. Such data are kept well guarded. Moreover, crude Soviet diagnostic methods make them inherently unreliable. Judging from what I saw during a recent trip to the U.S.S.R., though, some alarm on the part of Soviet officials is indeed warranted; the virus has the potential to spread in the Soviet Union with as much ease as it did in parts of Africa.

One reason is the sorry state of the Soviet health establishment. Effective measures against AIDS are complex and expensive, involving educational, epidemiological, diagnostic, and therapeutic programs to limit transmission and to care for the afflicted. The Soviet health care system is so crippled that it has had trouble controlling even relatively elementary infectious diseases such as hepatitis. In its battle against the AIDS virus, the Ministry of Health is hamstrung by an ideology that suppresses inconvenient truths, a bureaucracy that evades responsibility, an economy that can't provide necessary medical equipment, and a society that encourages behavior that will speed the virus's transmission.

Consider, for example, the bureaucratic mentality of the director of the Leningrad Infectious Disease Hospital, the center for AIDS surveillance in Leningrad. At first he told me that AIDS was not a problem in the U.S.S.R., and that he had no time to talk with me. After I said I wanted to discuss shortcomings in our own treatment of AIDS, we talked for two hours. This director decided that, because of the scarcity of blood diagnostic kits, blood from ten to 15 different individuals would first be pooled and a single sample from each pool would then be tested for the AIDS virus. This approach would save on precious diagnostic kits. It was also clearly stupid: because of dilution, the level of antibody in an individual sample would have to be ten to 15 times the minimum level to be detected. The method did have one advantage, though. It allowed the hospital director to assure his superiors that the prevalence of infection among Soviet citizens in Leningrad was nearly zero.

During my visit in October, a Caucasian woman in Leningrad became the first Soviet citizen to die of AIDS. A flood of public recriminations followed, including heavy criticism of her doctors for their apparent failure to diagnose her condition. These doctors told me that although a diagnosis of AIDS was considered, two factors kept them from reaching that conclusion. First, her serum specimen had tested negative with the director's batch approach. Second, since the party line was that AIDS was a foreign plague visited upon the degenerate and the developing worlds, it was risky to report suspicion of a case in a Caucasian Russian woman.

The news article in Leningrad *Pravda* on her death carried a photograph of the woman, asserted she was a prostitute, and requested all men who had had sexual contact with her to present themselves for evaluation. But whether this means she was a "prostitute" in the Western sense of the term is an open question. In the U.S.S.R., the word is sometimes applied by the morally rigid to describe common behavior. Societal malaise and a lack of widely available forms of entertainment have turned alcohol and sex into common sources of diversion; sex may also be given in exchange for hard to find goods. The condoms that might help prevent transmission of the AIDS virus are in short supply and of poor quality (one reason why Soviet women have so many abortions). Birth control often involves coitus interruptus or anal intercourse, both practices that facilitate the spread of the AIDS virus.

As bizarre as it may seem, the picture of Eddie Murphy is not without its own morbid logic. The Soviet government has courted the developing countries by providing education for promising students in institutions such as Moscow's Patrice Lumumba University. Soviet citizens

DETAIL FROM SOVIET AIDS POSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may seek sexual congress with these foreigners because of their access to goods sold in the hard currency shops, because of the novelty of the encounter, or for more conventional reasons. Given a rate of AIDS virus infection of five percent to ten percent in Central Africa, the result has doubtless been to spread the virus among Soviet citizens. The authorities have made a point of screening Africans and other non-Soviets more accurately, with each serum specimen tested individually. Any non-Soviet citizen who tests positive is subject to deportation, and more than 300 Africans have been sent back home.

Unfortunately, the AIDS virus test now used by Soviet screening centers is ineffective in detecting the second kind of AIDS virus, termed HIV-2, which is clustered in West Africa and is now spreading south and east. Several Soviet scientists showed me test results that did not conclusively show signs of the first kind of AIDS virus infection, but that did suggest infection with HIV-2. The spread of this second pathogen in Russia would make accurate surveillance testing even more difficult.

REPRINTED FROM *PRAVDA*, OCTOBER 31, 1986

One of the primary means of transmitting the AIDS virus is through the shared use of contaminated needles to inject intravenous drugs. In the United States, this happens among drug addicts. In the Soviet Union, it happens in hospitals. Late last year, for example, an outbreak of AIDS virus infection was reported in a pediatric ward in the Ukraine among a group of mothers and infants who apparently contracted the virus through the reuse of unsterilized syringes. There is essentially no disposable medical equipment in the U.S.S.R.; needles, syringes, and other devices are used over and over again. Even the alcohol that could be used to resterilize such equipment is in short supply, partly because people prefer to drink it. A visit to one of the better Soviet hospitals in Moscow or Leningrad is enough to convey how easily microorganisms could spread. And the standards of medical care in non-urban areas are not much better than in Third World countries.

There are clear financial rewards to be gained through the development of drugs and therapies for AIDS prevention and treatment, and the Soviets hope such biotechnology research will one day earn them hard Western currency. Programs to create Soviet products for diagnostic testing and for antiviral therapy have been planned for the Moscow Immunology and Virology Institutes. When I visited the Immunology Institute, I met scientists talented and educated enough to synthesize proteins, create monoclonal antibodies, and perform other feats of advanced biological gymnastics.

But theoretical creativity is worthless without the tools for development. A visit to a virology unit in Leningrad presented a bleak picture. The hospital had finally acquired the equipment necessary to reproduce safely the AIDS virus for testing. On inspection, however, it became clear that the air vents for the equipment were improperly set up, thereby making it unsafe. The researchers realized this, and embarrassedly explained that the hospital engineer was chronically unavailable to make the necessary changes in the laboratory roof to connect the outflow vents. Perhaps aware of the nature of Russian facilities, the architects of *perestroika* decided medical workers dealing with AIDS would receive 25 percent more in salary as compensation for a higher risk on the job.

There are signs that Soviet officials may finally be coming to their senses. After the AIDS virus outbreak in the Ukraine, Soviet Health Minister Yevgeny Chazov was quoted in the Soviet press as castigating physicians and officials for failing to execute the AIDS program set up by Moscow some three years ago. But his criticism assumes that the resources and organizational structure exist to meet the officially announced goals of establishing 1,000 diagnostic testing centers and then performing 1.5 million diagnostic tests every month. If past experience is any guide—remember, this is a country that has trouble increasing condom production—Chazov is wasting his breath. Russia is fertile ground for a major AIDS epidemic. Each retreat from the official party line—that there was no AIDS problem, that the AIDS problem was under control—has revealed just how incapable the Soviet medical system is of contending with a looming epidemic that the West, with a richer and more advanced medical structure, has not yet encompassed. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Changes

Memory is treated conventionally in **Chocolat** (Orion Classics) but it's a poetic convention. Most of this French film is, technically, a flashback; more precisely, it's a film set in the past with a beginning and end in the present. A young woman today remembers a time in her childhood, after which we return to the young woman. The major portion of the film uses the convention that the child in the past sees the world around her like an artist. The past is treated not as a storehouse of fact, but as a terrain of sensibility. Since the film is avowedly autobiographical, the filmmaker depicts herself as she is today and views her childhood as if she were then the woman that she is now.

Claire Denis, the filmmaker, was brought up in Africa, where her father was a French colonial official. At the age of 14 she moved to France and in time went to film school. After graduation in 1971 she worked her way up to become an assistant to Costa-Gavras, then to Wim Wenders, who had some influence on her, then to Jim Jarmusch, who influenced her even more, I'd say. After a return visit to Africa, Denis decided to make this film, which Wenders helped her to produce. She wrote the screenplay with Jean-Paul Fargeau and did her own directing. In one respect, though one only, *Chocolat* reminds me of *Sugar Cane Alley*, another lovely essay in reminiscence by a young woman who grew up in a French territory and was educated at a Paris film school, Euzhan Palcy.

The place is Cameroon. On the sand facing the sea sits a young white woman (played by Mireille Perrier), glancing at a notebook that, as we learn, belonged to her father. She watches a black man and his young son bathe. She leaves and starts down a road. By this time, through this brief simple start, we know we are in the hands of a director with purposeful control. The air is interestingly quiet: the pace tranquil but not slow; the editing seems to begin a mosaic. All of these elements, rather than what happens, make us wonder about what *will* happen.

Soon we move back in time to her childhood. She is about nine or ten (played by Cécile Ducasse), living with her parents on a government station far out in the wilds. Her mother (Giulia Boschi) is lovely; her father the commandant (François Cluzet, who resembles Dustin Hoffman) is devoted but busy. The child spends much of her time with the black house "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé, an imposing ebony sculpture). Denis establishes quickly that the dominant element in the atmosphere here, despite the official activities, the raising and lowering of the flag with the tiny garrison, the various visitors, is the quiet that we heard in the opening sequence. All of these lives, masters and servants, are wrapped in comfortable quiet. The German builder of the commandant's residence (the colony was German until 1916; there is a German cemetery nearby) put a small sign on a porch post that translates, "This is the last house on earth."

The quiet forebodes. The presence of the beautiful young black man in the house bodes more, though he is utterly respectful and though the mother treats him quite offhandedly, even when she asks him to lace up her dress in the back. (The convention that Denis is using allows her to show things that the child could not have seen and would not have understood in any case.)

The tension is diverted for a time by the forced landing of a small plane nearby. The pilot, co-pilot, and four passengers must stay in the house for a few months until a spare part arrives. They leave, and then comes the climax of the tension. It consists of a touch on the leg. One evening the mother is sitting on the floor by the French windows. Protée comes to close the windows for the night, and she touches his leg. He doesn't respond. Next day she asks her husband to transfer Protée out of the house to other work. Protée gets his revenge—for the punishment of his loyalty—with an incident in which the child's hand is burned on the palm.

Back in the present, we see the young woman's palm, still white from the burn. We see in little the great changes in Cameroon. She goes to the airport to depart, and there, instead of the dinky

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hanussen. *Adventures of an Austrian clairvoyant in the days of Hitler's rise. Ambience richer than the story. From the same director and actor who made* Mephisto *and* Colonel Redl. *(Reviewed 4/10/89)* **Lawrence of Arabia.** *Hurrah, 25 years later, for everyone concerned. Now restored to its full length and re-recorded, it's magnificent. (2/20/89)* **New York Stories.** *Three noted directors tell tales of Manhattan. Francis Coppola's, about a rich child in a luxe hotel, is the dud in the middle, flanked by Martin Scorsese's heated account of a SoHo painter's life and Woody Allen's overlong but funny Jewish-mother joke. (3/27/89)* **Under the Sun of Satan.** *Georges Bernanos's first novel transformed into a film by Maurice Pialat, who also is in it. A delicate, shadowy, spiritual exploration. (4/3/89)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plane of the past, awaits a giant jet marked Cameroon Airlines. The film closes with three black airport workers, three men laughing and lounging together. One of them, always kept in long shot, is de Bankolé—not necessarily as Protée, just the same actor, the same presence—now lounging and free, unlike the constrained servile house boy.

Denis's eye for composition is serious, refined. Like Jarmusch, she uses emptiness for emphasis. She uses people, walls, doors, household objects in arrangements that seem to speak of what is not being said. This is particularly poignant in a society separated into two strata that do not communicate wholly with each other.

The performances in the four principal roles are helpful, with the child soberly inquisitive and de Bankolé innately powerful. Some of the lesser roles, a visiting Englishman and a vulgar passenger on the downed plane, seem to have been filled by friends of the project who just wanted to join in.

Something extraordinary is happening these days: a film is changing status. Films often take some time to find their audiences or to be fully appreciated; some films become (loathsome phrase) cult classics. With *Lawrence of Arabia*, the case is different.

When it was first released in 1962, *Lawrence* was certainly hailed widely but was nonetheless regarded with suspicion by many of the discriminating. Part of the suspicion came from the fact that it had patently been constructed as a vast spectacle and thus, despite its virtues, had to be classed as a Movieland epic. And part of the suspicion came from the simplification of the protagonist's character and life. Opinion on both these points seems to be changing.

This change may be due somewhat to the fact that it is now not 1962. *Lawrence* is no longer one more hot new blockbuster assault on the box office: it has survived both time and hoopla. We are now able to see that when lavishness is as marvelously manifested as it is here, it becomes a function of art, not of big-budget Technicolor. Freed of the snob's suspicion of being a mere spectacular, *Lawrence* is now clearly visible as a major achievement, so excellently fashioned in almost every way that it is a free-standing entity. When this happens to a historical work (as I've noted before), it becomes paradoxically independent of the facts on which it is based.

Brecht's *Galileo* is a large but apt comparison. Eric Bentley said of the play:

> Brecht was all wrong about the 17th century in general and about Galileo Galilei in particular. . . . [Yet] as Pirandello stated the matter: the truth doesn't have to be plausible, but fiction does. . . . It seems to me that even for spectators who know that a history play is bad history, such a play might still seem to have some sort of special relevancy, a more urgent truth.

This is not a blanket license for distortion: it operates only for those artists capable of "a more urgent truth."

The reissue of *Lawrence* is quite different from the occasional reissues of *Gone with the Wind*. The latter picture has few lasting merits outside the chance it affords to revisit the high Hollywood days. *Lawrence*, for those who had never seen it, is a newborn work, not an exercise in nostalgia; for those who had seen it, it is—somewhat awesomely—reborn. Freed of the cavils that once nagged at it, *Lawrence* now stands as a splendid film, no less splendid for being huge and historically quirky.

Mark Stevens on Art

The Counterlife

Cézanne's famous exhortation "Treat nature in terms of the cylinder, the sphere, the cone, all in perspective" makes the painter sound more programmatic than he actually was. But it perfectly expresses his import for modernism. Cézanne (1839-1906) represents the hope of attaining a clarity worthy of the classical tradition. His austere analysis of the motif, his orderly "correction" of impressionism, his rise above the distractions of his own personality, are what critics have traditionally admired in his art. Now, as we grope about in the twilight of modernism, even Cézanne is beginning to cast a murky shadow.

It was Meyer Schapiro, more than anyone else, who started the process of complicating Cézanne. Impatient with a simple formalist view, Schapiro, in a marvelous essay on Cézanne's apples published in 1968, refused to divorce the impure man from the pure artist. In the famous apples Schapiro discerned (among other things) an unexpected quantity of emotion. Unable to "convey his feeling for women without anxiety," Cézanne used the apples not just as pretexts for formal analysis, but as "an equivalent of the human figure" that contained a "latent erotic sense." In other words, even Cézanne yearned. An apple was not just a sphere.

An important exhibit at the National Gallery of Art in Washington has greatly increased our interest in the man within because it celebrates Cézanne's very personal early work without embarrassment, as great in itself, and not as simply "promising" or to be "transcended" by the mature artist. Between 1859 and 1872, the years covered by the show, Cézanne painted a number of imaginary pictures in addition to those he rendered from life. In these romantic dream-torn fantasies the sexual anxiety is overpowering. "Coming to worship at a classic shrine," writes Lawrence Gowing, the organizer of the show, "we find that we are present at an apocalyptic culmination of romanticism as well."

Still more surprising, we may find ourselves amid the beginnings of the least classical strain of modern art. Students of the early work have spoken of Cézanne as the artist who anticipated modern expressionism, who would have gained immortality for that alone had he died in 1872, when he was 33. Gowing believes we need a conception of the artist rich enough to include the "emotional allegories." He's certainly right. But it is also easy, in the rush to redefine Cézanne, to lose sight of his most enduring value. Cézanne the man will always pose significant problems for Cézanne the monument, problems that are both humanizing and distracting, like graffiti on a classical pillar. It is less important to resolve such problems than to appreciate them.

As a boy and a young man, Cézanne was ardent but deeply inhibited. His relations with his father were distant, with his mother close. He loved classical culture, particularly its erotic poetry, and wrote morbid adolescent verse. He also loved nature, and often went to the local swimming hole with his pals, Zola among them. (The "Bathers" pictures probably derive from memories of basking in the sun beside the river.) Some critics believe he harbored homosexual feelings for Zola; but it seems more likely that he simply experienced the homoerotic charm typical of a passionate boyhood friendship.

Although Cézanne's early art is highly varied, jumping from style to style and mood to mood, it displays none of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jejune casting about typical of most young artists. Everything seems equally necessary and equally felt, though not always equally successful. Cézanne has enormous internal breadth. He appreciates the rhythmic swirling style of the baroque, in which the paint dreams of mixing with the airy currents of heaven; and, equally, the stability of paint that appears as still as old stone. In a very early self-portrait (1861-62), Cézanne dabbed some vivid red around his eyes, so that his adolescent expression appears full of romantic fire. But the bold rendering of the planes in his face and collar already displays a passion for the calculations of form.

With hindsight we know that Cézanne's greatest gift was for building a picture with patches of plane; that, far from being the razzle-dazzle sort of genius, he was touched with the sobriety of a peasant who constructs a wall brick by brick. Many early paintings seem entirely consistent with his later development. The portraits of his father and uncle and the great picture of the crippled painter Achille Emperaire, the best known of his early works, have that inimitable concentration. Cézanne built many portraits with thick fingerlike slabs of paint, so that the subject appears almost sculpted. The strokes of paint have a way of meshing that provides strength but does not seem either predictable or locked up; they meet with the conscious grace of fingers coming together.

But the wonder of this exhibition is Cézanne's transparent desire to fly free of all restraint. While schooling himself, the young artist did not stick to fatherly classicists preaching order. He made a brilliant copy after the romantic Delacroix's *The Barque of Dante*. And Rubens: few painters seem more different from the halting Cézanne than the artist for whom, it sometimes seems, every aristocratic flick of the wrist resulted in a gorgeous fluency; but Cézanne obviously admired Rubens and made a beautiful drawing after the master's *The Apotheosis of Henry IV* in the Louvre. Still more improbable is the young artist's interest in copying Veronese's paintings of magnificent excess, in which gluttony attains a kind of apotheosis.

Cézanne appears particularly attracted to the sexually outrageous. It is a measure of his inner power that he does not yield to the most successful bit of outrage then going, Manet's nudes. Although Cézanne learns from Manet's techniques, the older artist's tasty, dandified sensibility does not suit him. (Cézanne seemed uncomfortable with all Parisian sophistication, whether bohemian or bourgeois.) The exhibit includes a painting called *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* that is a response to Manet's famous *Déjeuner*. In the Manet, two well-dressed gents and a naked woman, all rather indifferent to the nakedness, have a picnic. In the

THE FEAST (THE ORGY), 1870

Cézanne, everyone is dressed, but the sexual heat is much greater. The suggestiveness of the shapes is unmistakable. The distorted figure of a temptress offers some fruit to a man who resembles Cézanne. The landscape seems to tilt, and the light is the light of dreams.

Such paintings are steeped in a late romantic blackness, an intoxicating mixture of Poe and Baudelaire circulating like a musky perfume through French culture. But they are also heavy with the painter's own undischarged feeling, thickly painted, turgid, stuck. In Cézanne's *Déjeuner*, the balding figure of the artist is hanging back; the object of desire in most paintings of this kind cannot be reached by the artist. Sometimes Cézanne actually portrays a crime, but always as sudden and galvanizing, as if passion had finally burst free. The otherworldly *The Rape* and the ghoulish *The Murder* have the aura of crimes committed in a dream. There are even some astonishing pictures, based on religious themes, that appear desperate for an otherworldly leap of meaning. In the grisly *The Autopsy*, probably based on an entombment by Ribera, a man seems to dig into the very flesh of a body in order to find something amazing—we're not sure what, but a red and witchy woman looking on probably knows.

There can be little doubt that something in Cézanne yearned for the passionate eruption, much as a storm awaits the flash of lightning. Even many of the most "stable" pictures are curiously extreme, particularly in their application of paint. Courbet was very important to Cézanne as another man from the provinces contemptuous of the attenuated classicism of the Salon. Courbet's way of inviting eternity into his art—working the heavy paint with his palette knife until it seems as ageless as weathered earth or stone or bark—inspired Cézanne in some portraits to create a surface that has sometimes been compared to masonry: the heaviness is truly radical. Here, perhaps for the first time in modernism, we must confront paint as just paint—brute fact, mere stuff, not just an instrument of description and an elixir of dreams.

There is a clumsiness in many of Cézanne's early pictures, almost a crudity, that is impressive because it is so obviously intended. Nowadays we're used to rough stuff, but they were less so back then. As is clear from some of his skillful drawings after work by old masters, Cézanne could have slicked up, softened, blunted the edges, but he chose not to, for expressive reasons. The absence of seductive color is amazing. He seems always to have had the stubborn courage to aim for intensity and power, despite the attractions of convention. One of his greatest early works, *The Negro Scipion*, is beautiful because powerful, not the other way around.

In the early art Cézanne the man is inescapable. The iconography matters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

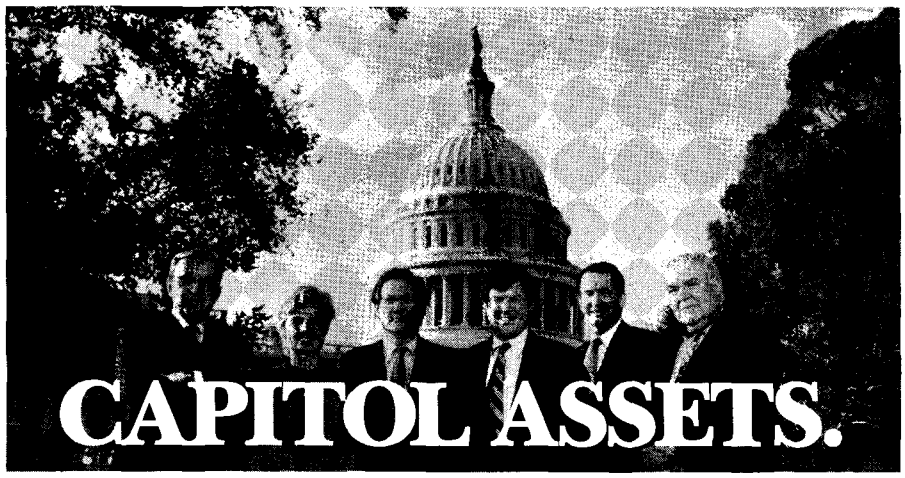
greatly; the personal obsessions are transparent. A remarkable book by the sculptor and Brancusi scholar Sidney Geist, *Interpreting Cézanne* (Harvard University Press), goes even further than the National Gallery show in smoking out the man. Geist finds concealed among Cézanne's planes, early and late, hundreds of messages and faces he calls "cryptomorphs." He himself seems surprised to be writing such a book, saying he is inclined to a formalist view of art. By paying little mind to Cézanne's nominal subject matter, however, he says he was free to notice the "hidden" portraits and messages amid the play of form.

Geist finds dozens of recognizable faces—of Cézanne himself, his father, mother, wife, and son. He also discovers puns, and a number of tricky rebuses. He does not believe that Cézanne consciously put most of them into his painting, but he thinks that these faces, puns, and rebuses provide a hidden meaning or narrative for the paintings. For example, an 1877 still life, painted when Cézanne was visiting Pissarro, a fatherly figure to the younger artist, shows a table, a basket of apples, a soup tureen with a bulbous top, a wine bottle, and two pictures by Pissarro on the wall. It seems routine enough, until the eye makes out a woman's face formed by the planes of the apples. She looks a bit like Cézanne's wife.

There is also a handle and decoration on the tureen that, if you use your imagination, resembles the pug-nosed face of Cézanne's son. The bulbous top of the tureen is so placed that it meets the flaring of a tree in one of the Pissarro paintings—looking like it is spouting water. It so happens that Cézanne's son had urinated on one of his father's paintings, to the consternation of his mother. "Pisser" means the same in French as English. So we have the son pissing on Pissarro, the fatherly artist. And there's much more—but one grows weary.

In the book, Geist makes dozens of such interpretations. Not surprisingly, they typically revolve around Cézanne's sexual and other difficulties with family, friends, and parents. I myself could not make out more than half the faces that Geist finds; and I believe that, in many instances, Cézanne's use of planes allows the eye to compose faces where none exist even unconsciously. But some faces really do stand out and the messages make sense. Cézanne was very interested in word play, and Geist is very adept at noticing the mental jumps between words and images that can occur in the unconscious logic of a painting as well as a dream.

Yet the book is tedious. Once, twice,



There's one news analysis program considered "can't miss" by Washington officials. The McLaughlin Group.

Among its chief assets are the wit and intellect of John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, Pat Buchanan and Jack Germond.

They provide insightful, often prescient, political commentary on the most up-to-the-minute developments. Often with heated exchanges.

So tune in to The McLaughlin Group. It's comprehensive, contentious and... contagious.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

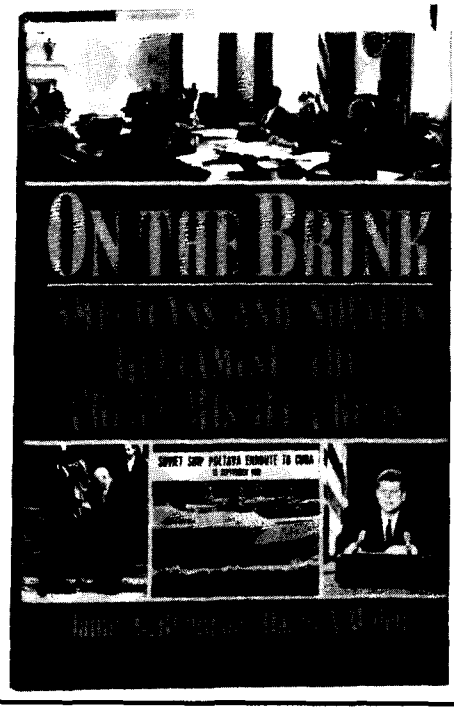
We bring good things to life.

"***On the Brink*** **— the outgrowth of an ingeniously** conceived and skillfully orchestrated oral history — is the most valuable examination of the [Cuban missile] crisis yet written."
STROBE TALBOTT, AUTHOR OF
MASTER OF THE GAME: PAUL NITZE AND THE NUCLEAR PEACE

"Unique and supremely important: the first revealing look inside both the White House and the Kremlin in the high days of the Cuban missile crisis."
RICHARD RHODES, WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE

"***On the Brink*** **is a stunning achievement.** It provides brilliant insights into the impact of a nuclear crisis on American and Soviet leaders."
ROBERT DALLEK, WINNER OF THE BANCROFT PRIZE FOR HISTORICAL WRITING

"***On the Brink*** **is as important as** Barbara Tuchman's ***Guns of August.*** Everyone should read it."
SERGO MIKOYAN, EDITOR OF *LATINSKAYA AMERIKA*



HILL AND WANG
A division of Farrar, Straus & Giroux
At your local bookstore or call toll free:
1-800-638-3030

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three times the peekaboo is fun. Then it becomes a kind of madness. For a moment I thought I saw a face, in the shadow behind the table in that Pissarro painting, which was undetected by the author. (Eventually another Paul came to mind—you see how the mind works—the Paul whose "death" left everyone in college poring over Beatles lyrics and playing songs backward and forward in a search for cryptomorphs.) But the main reason for the tedium is that Geist does not seriously address what his piled-up evidence implies for our conception of Cézanne.

Not much, I think. Only a psychohistorian might significantly benefit from Geist's interpretations. The author stresses that he intends no reduction of Cézanne's work, that the cryptomorphs should not become a substitute for a formal appreciation of the art. But what does the pissing on Pissarro, for example, really bring to that still life? It may add something small (as another perspective point adds depth), but it surely takes away something big. It constrains the lovely spontaneity of the unconscious in both the artist and the viewer. In responding to art, a taste for the allusive, for sensing what we know but cannot quite grasp, is important: without shadows the light of understanding appears naked.

Cézanne, when composing his round apples with patches of plane, brings a formal order to a private excitement, and we share his pleasure in doing so. Once we begin saying that the curves represent his mother or his lover, however, the fascination begins to melt away. We become detectives drearily looking for clues. Pedants picking apart dreams. Schapiro's writings on Cézanne seem right because they bring the man and the artist into tactful balance; he details the different meanings of the apples, but with a light, respectful, mystified touch. Schapiro seems less interested in an inquisitorial "There is more here than meets the eye" than in a confirming of the intuition that any sensitive observer must have about Cézanne—that he put all of himself into his apples.

It would be tempting to overvalue the personal, the romantic, the expressionist Cézanne. But that Cézanne is not the match of the older artist. The best early work is usually that which is most like the later in its exacting control of feeling. The trouble with the wild imaginary paintings is not outrageous subject matter or violent emotion, but a certain thwartedness, a tangled-up quality, that seems to overpower the art. To put it differently, the pictures exhibit strength but not mastery. When trying to cut loose, Cézanne would knot up. The drawing after Rubens is lovely, but he cannot quite relax into an effortless sweep of line. The picture after Veronese is fussed over until the surface puckers, revealing an excess of conscience in a painting whose subject is a feast and orgy.

The exhibit in Washington will remove any vestiges of condescension directed at the young Cézanne, but it must not replace the traditional view that he improved with age. Cézanne himself left the imaginary works behind (with the exception of the Bathers), and his implied judgment is the right one. He fits perfectly Eliot's observation that "the progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality." In the later Cézanne, any residual awkwardness attains a kind of majesty, especially in the Bathers, which look like idylls too honest to be idyllic. The artist's difficulties grow in stature, becoming more a matter of bringing order to visual sensation and less a matter of fighting with himself. Cézanne is loved for, among other things, failing to be too smooth. He called himself the "primitive of a new art" and, as with Giotto, another father-initiator and primitive of a new art, the rough edges inspire nothing but respect, because they are the mark of an earned truth.

A decade ago the Museum of Modern Art mounted a worshipful exhibit of modernist icons, "Cézanne: The Late Work." Now, as the modernist orthodoxies crumble, it seems natural to concentrate on the turbulent young man. The good news is that we can look at Cézanne afresh, without the pretty tyranny of the "Cézanne idea" governing the way we see. The bad news is that, as with postmodernism generally, we may lose interest in the classical virtues that Cézanne represents. Postmodernism loves spectacle. The later Cézanne, who sometimes seems like the old man conscience of modern art, is hardly the life of the party. He's a loner. He insists upon the just mark as vigorously as Flaubert insisted upon le mot juste. His "anxiety," which Picasso remarked upon, is the price that modern order is willing to pay to modern chaos if truth is to be served. I liked the show, but I missed the old man.

Robert Brustein on Theater

Women in Extremis

I saw Wendy Wasserstein's **The Heidi Chronicles** at the Plymouth Theatre when it was still playing next to Richard Greenberg's *Eastern Standard* at the Golden. (The latter has since closed.) The two plays clearly belonged together on the same street, but they offer instructive and contrasting insights into how to fashion a serious comedy for the 1980s. Both were developed in non-profit theaters by Yale School of Drama graduates, though of different generations. Both revolve around ambitious young people from the middle class engaged in careers, seeking relationships, troubled by nagging social questions. Both are composed with wit and a certain amount of bile by writers contemporary with their yuppie characters who, to some extent, share their problems. And both demonstrate what an empty exercise is life without a passionate calling or an overarching commitment.

The difference is that Greenberg does this unwittingly, while Wasserstein makes it the thematic center of her work. *Eastern Standard* satirizes its liberal protagonists for their failure to take life seriously. But being more interested in advancing his romantic plot than in addressing the worrisome issues he raises in his play (AIDS and homosexual love, poverty and the homeless), Greenberg ends up looking more unserious than any of his benighted characters. Wasserstein, though she shares Greenberg's weakness for facile banter, clearly has more of a personal investment in her material. This imparts a certain melancholy to the proceedings and elevates her play above the level of sociological entertainment.

The Heidi Chronicles is not yet the work of a mature playwright, but it is a giant step beyond the cute dating games and Jewish mother jokes of *Isn't It Romantic*. Wasserstein has a wry, self-deprecating humor that helps her avoid self-righteousness without losing her sting. And while her heroine is both more self-conscious and self-aware than the various self-deluded types she encounters on her spiritual journey, she is a charter member of her own generation. The playwright is old enough to have experienced the protest movements of the 1960s along with the disillusionment of the '70s and the cyni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cism of the '80s. This experience endows her play with themes of nostalgic retrospection. *The Heidi Chronicles* could be considered *The Big Chill* of feminism.

It is also *The Common Pursuit* of failed American dreams. Instead of using the device of a reunion, Wasserstein (like Simon Gray, who brought the Cambridge intellectuals of his play through a backward and forward history) creates an episodic narrative, beginning in Chicago in 1965 and ending in present-day New York, designed to dramatize the gulf between the ideals and actions of her baby boomer characters. Following a 1989 prologue in which Heidi, a professor of art history, lectures on the neglected art of women, we encounter her as a high school student at her first dance, as a college peace marcher during the Vietnam War, as a graduate student member of a consciousness-raising feminist rap group, as a protester against the exclusion of women artists from museums—which is to say, in most of the radical postures of the passing decades. During these episodes, she meets a variety of militant women and two recurrent male friends—one a homosexual pediatrician, the other a womanizing lawyer—and in virtually every case witnesses the idealist causes she joined, however marginally, being transformed into opportunism, careerism, and compromise, not to mention marriage without love.

In a typical scene, Heidi is approached by two old friends—formerly feminists, now absorbed in media manipulation. They want her as a consultant on a TV sitcom ("all we need is three pages—who these people are and why they're funny"), not because of her intrinsic talents but because "sitcom is big—art is big—and women are big." Later addressing an alumni group, she breaks down, finding it unbearable that her generation made so many mistakes. She tells the women she feels stranded—and "I thought the whole point was that we wouldn't feel stranded." The growing emptiness of her world is symbolized by her empty, unfurnished apartment. Unable to connect with a man—there is always an unconsummated relationship with some shadowy editor in the background—she becomes the single mother of an adopted child, hoping its generation will grow up better than hers.

Throughout this odyssey, Heidi remains a bemused outsider with one eyebrow raised at the absurdity of her contemporaries. She has no answers—neither does the playwright—except to maintain a degree of grace and style in the face of the general disillusionment. Wasserstein is an acute social observer. She seems to recognize that despite the

In 1977, the House of Representatives voted to allow television coverage of its proceedings. Bob Rosencrans was then president of a large cable company known as UA-Columbia. The idea of creating a public affairs network on cable to televise Congress was being widely discussed. It seemed like a risky proposal to many industry leaders. Nevertheless, Bob believed the time was right for the cable television industry to demonstrate its commitment to public service.

The son of Russian and Austrian immigrants, Bob Rosencrans grew up in New York during the New Deal and World War II. "We were a very idealistic family," he recalls. So much so that his own idealism endured despite the loss of his older brother in combat. Since then, he says, "I still look for the better side of people."

While many saw the value of a public affairs network, Bob and his business associate, Ken Gunter, were ready to move ahead. Together they made the initial contribution to start C-SPAN. What better gift, they asked, could this growing private industry make to the American people than live gavel-to-gavel coverage of the United States Congress?

Mr. Rosencrans' contribution proved to be only the first step as other cable industry leaders soon followed suit. The result was enough seed money to enable cable's public affairs channel to launch successfully, with Bob Rosencrans as its first chairman.

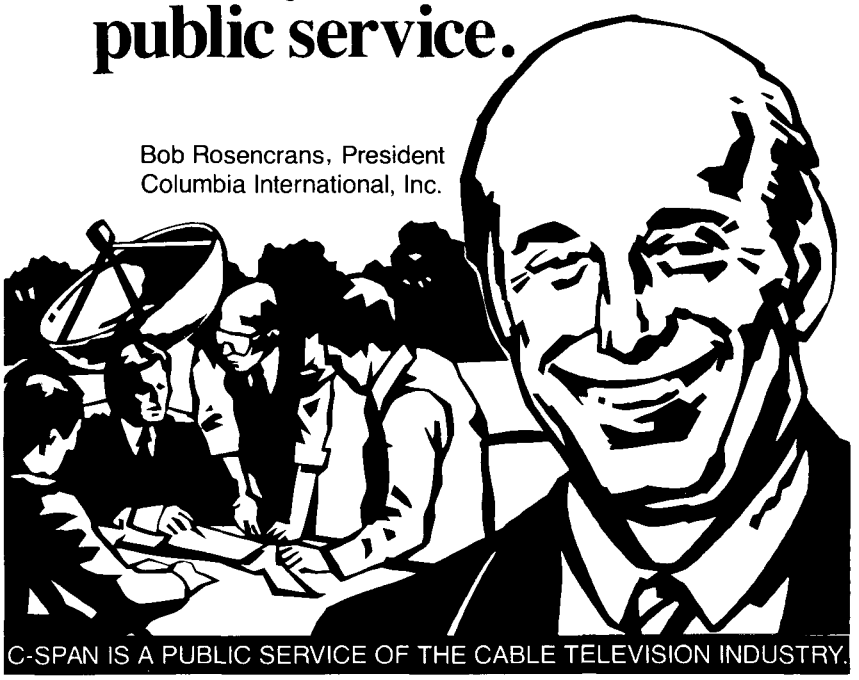
Today, thanks to Bob Rosencrans' continuing efforts, C-SPAN has become a true cable cooperative, enthusiastically supported by another idealistic family—40 of the industry's top companies.

C-SPAN
Tenth Anniversary
1979-1989

For more information about C-SPAN, call (202) 737-3220.

C-SPAN: Private industry committed to public service.

Bob Rosencrans, President
Columbia International, Inc.



C-SPAN IS A PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE CABLE TELEVISION INDUSTRY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

typically American hunger for total fulfillment, it's just not possible to have it all. She also seems to suggest that the feminist movement, instead of reforming society, has succeeded largely in introducing women to the ravening competitiveness of the '80s, which is to say, adapting women to the worst qualities of men.

This is not a conclusion destined to please the sisterhood, but it is a lot more honest and courageous than the moral of, say, *Working Girl*, where the heroine's ascent up the Wall Street ladder is cheered on by virtually everyone, no matter whose eye gets pierced by her stiletto heels. Despite her disenchantment, Heidi will no doubt continue to battle on behalf of her sex for equal rights and recognition. And her slide lecture, like Wasserstein's play, makes a convincing case for women artists achieving the same ready acceptance as men. But Heidi's argument for true equality also demands that women be assessed by the same ethical criteria as men, which makes *The Heidi Chronicles* less a celebration of the yuppie standard of values than a subterranean assault on it.

Wasserstein's handling of female character is as deft as her treatment of feminist ideology, and her collective of lesbians, career women, radicals, and professionals is amusingly drawn, especially in the rap session when the militant women end up hugging each other and singing camp songs, as well as in a talk-show sequence featuring a vacuous blond hostess with a coffee cup who keeps repeating, "Boy, I'm impressed." Where I still sense theatrical immaturity is in the playwright's handling of dialogue—not because of a lack of wit but from an excess of it. Wasserstein's characters, all of them educated, are almost ferociously witty. Their weakness for wisecracks makes them seem shallower than intended and undercuts the seriousness of the work. It remains to be seen whether in her next play Wasserstein will manage the infinitely more difficult task of *not* being clever.

Dan Sullivan's production is careful and competent and occasionally more. Tom Lynch's witty use of projections and sliding panels, though somewhat lost on the large Plymouth stage, is nevertheless ingeniously simple, while Pat Collins's lighting nicely manages to localize the playing area. There are some casting weaknesses, but Joan Allen brings a bent-frame sense of awkwardness, earnestness, and irony to the eponymous role, and Ellen Parker, Anne Lange, and Joanne Camp display a transforming variety in other female portraitures. Among the men, I was impressed by Boyd Gaines as the anguished pediatrician and, though he struck me as somewhat hyperactive, by Peter Friedman as the sell-out radical who, after joining a corporate law firm, begins publishing a celebrity magazine for baby boomers. All of these characters are clearly perceived and cleanly acted. What they lack at present is the deeper emotional range that would catapult the play off the platform of contemporary commentary into a sphere of dimensioned art. Perhaps that will be the next stage of this promising writer's development.

An example of what happens when this stage is not reached is currently on view at the Manhattan Theatre Club in Joe Orton's **What the Butler Saw**. Orton, who died at 34, was notable for taking the traditional conventions of farce and burlesque and liberating their underground meanings. Sensitive to the sexual and aggressive connotations of the most inoffensive-seeming gags, and particularly fond of the comic possibilities of transvestism, he gained something of a dangerous reputation by daring to make these manifest. But an age that has experienced Camp, the Theater of the Ridiculous, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Monty Python, not to mention Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy's *Raw*, is likely to find Orton rather tame. *What the Butler Saw* today looks like a highly carpentered, sometimes mechanical and contrived farce, full of physical action and verbal amusement but suffering a little from period fatigue.

The play takes place in a doctor's office with an inordinate number of doors. "Why are there so many doors?" the doctor is asked. "Was your house designed by a lunatic?" Actually, multiple exits are the design required by the lunatic logic of farce, but it is Orton's inspiration to set this farce in a madhouse. When the curtain rises, Dr. Prentice (Charles Keating) is asking a curvaceous job applicant (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer) to disrobe in order to determine her suitability for the position. Enter the doctor's nymphomaniac wife (Carole Shelley), accompanied by the bell boy (Bruce Norris) who tried to rape her, and followed by a policeman (Patrick Tull) looking for a phallus missing from a statue of Winston Churchill. Before long, the effort to hide the naked girl and conceal her clothes becomes the engine of the plot. Most of the funnier jokes are indebted to burlesque (She: "You put me in an impossible position." He: "No position's impossible when you're young and healthy.") But *What the Butler Saw* is essentially a relentless farce about clothes involving transvestism and gender confusion.

The transsexual overtones of this crossdressing emerge from time to time. More often, it is treated, like the convention of Elizabethan disguise, as a case of mistaken identity, a stimulus for laughter. What is not altogether funny, however, is Orton's treatment of women. The job applicant, being certified insane, has her head shaved, gets stuffed in a straitjacket, and is brutally beaten in a scene that touches on realism. Like most cartoon characters, she shows no lasting ill effects, and after a series of mad chases, proves to be the long-lost daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Prentice in a Gilbert and Sullivan denouement full of incestuous implications. But the hidden will at work here occasionally breaks out of the comic frame into genuine misogyny.

Under John Tillinger's laissez-faire direction, the production lurches between languorous undulation and super-animation. While the rest of the mostly British cast gets by with high-velocity, deadpan deportment, that fine actor, Joseph Maher, as Dr. Rance, sometimes seems at sea amidst the general mayhem. What's most disappointing, though, is the impression left by Orton himself, who with the passage of time appears to have been assimilated by the very conventions he thought he was flouting. *What the Butler Saw* retains some vitality as a manic farce, but with the edge of danger gone, it rushes past you like a high-speed train without a destination. •

Strown Bliss, Scattering Bright

Look at the lilac litter in the driveway.
You can't stop it; you can't help yourself
remembering its fragrance yesterday,
arching its purple handfuls above

the Dodge, leaking again. You glance from the petals
to my scalp, to the driveway's rainbow of oil,
and I watch you sadden at all this glitter;
you don't need to say it: *Why does it fail?*

Why does it leak away? You know. You know.
In your eyes I can already see autumn,
maples blazing, which like the lilacs lie
underfoot. But what carpets we walk upon!

JAY ROGOFF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dreams of Reason

BY LAWRENCE STONE

Citizens: A Chronicle of the French Revolution by Simon Schama

(Knopf, 948 pp., $29.95)

This is no ordinary book. It is over 900 pages long and it is illustrated by over 200 plates. It has no footnotes at all (which I strongly deplore). It calls itself a "Chronicle," a word no self-respecting historian has used in his title for over a century. It is a main selection for the Book of the Month Club, which means that it already has a guaranteed sale of half a million copies, while the first printing of the trade edition is 40,000 copies. It is, therefore, already the best-selling American book of the year to commemorate the bicentennial of the French Revolution.

What is this book that has generated so much early excitement? The first 332 pages are not a chronicle at all, but a stimulating ramble around the Ancien Régime, going back to 1778, when the French state got itself irremediably in debt because of its successful intervention in the American Revolution. The rest is nothing more nor less than what it says it is: that is, a dazzlingly written and constructed chronicle of the French Revolution from its beginning in 1789 to the end of the Terror in 1794, when it somewhat abruptly comes to a grinding halt.

In his preface and prologue, Schama boldly throws down the gauntlet to the profession of history, which for over half a century has been preoccupied with deep structures and long-time causes and consequences, rather than with the ebb and flow of day-to-day events and the random clash of personalities in high places. He goes back behind the new social history, behind Tocqueville's magisterial analyses of all that was structurally wrong with the Ancien Régime by 1789, behind Marx and his vision of a bourgeois revolution, behind the liberal credo that the Revolution was the crucible of modernity, "the vessel in which all the characteristics of the modern social world, for good or ill, had been distilled." According to Schama, the Revolution was none of these. It was, in fact, conservative in its aims: "Much of the anger that fired revolutionary violence arose from hostility towards that modernization, rather than from impatience with the speed of its progress." He argues that "a patriotic culture of citizenship" had already been created in the two decades after 1760, that it was a cause, not a result, of the Revolution.

The central justification for Schama's choice of a chronological narrative of high politics in Paris from 1789 to 1794 is thus that the Revolution was a wholly unnecessary and disastrous accident. Like all the revolutions of the 20th century, in Russia, China, Cuba, Vietnam, or Nicaragua, the revolution in France was, in its political outcome, a tyranny; in its processes, an act of auto-genocide; and in its economic consequences, a catastrophe. The French economy, society, and polity were, he argues, well on the way to modernization before 1789. Industrial production was close to that of England, and foreign trade was booming; professionals, scientists, and intellectuals were holding positions of influence and respect; Enlightenment ideas were commonplace, despite the strict censorship of the press; the aristocracy had already largely discarded its feudal trappings, and the state was run by a group of exceptionally talented and enlightened rulers such as Turgot, Calonne, and Necker. King Louis XVI was well intentioned, and in his way enlightened (his main hobby was the technological one of a locksmith).

If this is true, then the Revolution can indeed be reduced to a chronicle of high politics, a product of the mistaken policies of an ever changing cast of characters, from Louis XVI and Necker to Malesherbes and Sieyès to Danton and Robespierre. But is this analysis correct? High political narrative is admirably designed to deal with day-to-day events such as the outbreak of World War I, or the trajectory of the French Revolution. The trouble is that, although it can trace the evolution of a crisis, it cannot explain it. And this is where, for the serious historian, Schama's book, for all its surface brilliance, fails.

It is true that the French economy was not doing badly, but it is not true that the French state, dependent as it was on a maze of privileges, tax exemptions, im-

The 1990 Defense Budget

William W. Kaufmann and Lawrence J. Korb

Kaufmann and Korb critically examine the defense program intended to ensure our security for the next decade. Included are discussions of the Reagan legacy, the changes made by Frank Carlucci, and the modifications offered by the Bush administration. Based on their analysis, Kaufmann and Korb outline a military force that can provide adequate security within the constraints of a no-growth budget.

paper $8.95 May

New Weapons, Old Politics

America's Military Procurement Muddle

Thomas L. McNaugher

Weapons cost the U.S. more than $100 billion a year, and the design of new systems and their integration into the force structure demand more care, time, and flexibility. McNaugher analyzes seven decades of procurement procedures and reforms to call for changes that run against the current fashion: slowing the development process, removing development from political oversight, and focusing political pressures on production choices.

cloth $34.95/paper $14.95 June

at bookstores or from

Brookings

1775 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. (202) 797-6258

major credit cards accepted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munities, and hereditary office holdings, was capable of modernizing itself without a mass abolition of all these special favors granted to one group or another. Nothing short of a violent revolution could have achieved that end, as Tocqueville long ago demonstrated, and as Turgot and Necker had already discovered the hard way.

Nor is it true that the nobility had largely freed itself from feudal ties and aristocratic attitudes. The story is more complicated. Admittedly many were modernizers in their economic activities, and a number were armchair supporters of the Enlightenment. But as a group they clung tenaciously to their privileges, except during one night of hysteria, which they immediately regretted. Nor were the clergy any more ready to enter the modern world; and the bulk of the peasantry was positively hostile to change—except for the abolition of tithes and feudal dues. If ever a social, administrative, and political system was totally blocked, it was surely that of France before 1789. It could not move in any direction without first destroying privilege, but the numerous holders of privileges and immunities were unwilling to surrender them. Traditional wisdom is right, therefore, to believe that the chances of moderate reform without a violent upheaval were nonexistent, particularly at a time of harvest failure and rocketing food prices.

MATTER FOR REFLECTION FOR THE CROWNED JUGGLERS OF EUROPE, 1793

By adopting the chronicle approach, moreover, Schama is incapable of explaining the ideological passions that drove the Revolution. Whence came all that heady rhetoric about liberty and equality, not to mention fraternity? The Revolution, as Schama is at pains to explain, was constantly torn between the cool modernizing statesmen and nation-builders, and the excitable rhetoricians in favor of liberty, equality, and the control of grain prices, and against the nobles, the priests, and the rich. But why was this so, and what were its antecedents?

That second unanswered question is why hatreds between classes or status groups in France ran so extraordinarily deep. Schama cannot explain the ferocity of the French mobs, not only in Paris but also in the provinces. As early as the fall of the Bastille, the mobs were parading around in the streets carrying the heads of their fellow countrymen on spikes, something that the English and the Americans *never* did. It was no accident that when a madman tried to assassinate Louis XV, his body was slowly, publicly, and excruciatingly torn to pieces, a spectacle of cruelty that lasted for most of a day. When a madman tried to kill George III, by contrast, he was quietly put away in a lunatic asylum for life. The difference surely tells us something not only about concepts of monarchy in England and France, but also about attitudes toward cruelty.

Similarly, when Voltaire was beaten up by the lackeys of a nobleman, he had no recourse but to flee to England. But whenever an English nobleman took a cane or a horsewhip to a bourgeois, he found himself sued for damages at once in the Court of King's Bench, and fined large sums, which were accompanied by a boastful lecture from the judge about how no man in England was above the law. Surely this also tells us something important about the relative strength of privilege and the law in the two countries, which goes some way to explain the passionate hatreds and the propensity to violence already boiling in France in 1789. These are deep structures and mentalities that no chronicle can reveal or explain.

Schama does not merely reduce the part played by the bourgeoisie in the story, which fits in with much modern revisionism, he goes out of his way to deny it almost any role at all. All his examples of liberal thinkers turn out to be noblemen. He even turns Robespierre—quite accurately—into a product of "the old regime's characteristic meritocracy." At one point he calls the alleged role of the bourgeoisie in the Revolution "wholly imaginary." But this ignores the fact that so many of the leaders of the revolution *were* bourgeois; that the main beneficiaries from it were the well-to-do yeomen and bourgeois who purchased the confiscated property of the monarchy, nobility, and clergy; that the Napoleonic governing class was drawn from the bourgeois and professional classes of the old regime *and* the Revolution, who now at last had access to high administrative office. Surely there is at least some truth in the hoary legend of a "bourgeois" revolution against privilege.

When he gets to the Revolution itself, however, Schama is at his best. He stresses three features. The first is the incompatibility of the desire for a powerful, efficient state and the desire for individual liberty. The second is the power of the ideology of equality, involving the abolition of all privilege and the leveling of all French men and women to citizens of the state. The third is that "violence *was* the Revolution itself," not merely an accidental or incidental accompaniment of it. Blood, cruelty, and death were its self-defining characteristics, not chance accompaniments to the main action or unfortunate necessities for victory. Given these premises, Schama has no hesitation in choosing to write a book that, he admits, "runs the risk of being seen as a mischievously old-fashioned piece of story-telling," a book that opts for "chaotic authenticity over the commanding neatness of historical convention."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schama succeeds brilliantly in his chosen role as a narrator. He has ransacked the 19th-century secondary literature and retells an oft-told tale with verve, enthusiasm, and great literary skill. His story reads like a film script, with unforgettable descriptive passages, especially of massacres and executions, great public festivals, oratorical feats of grand, high-flown—and often sinister—nonsense, and vividly memorable pen portraits of the leading actors, their lives, their characteristics, their loves, their physiognomies.

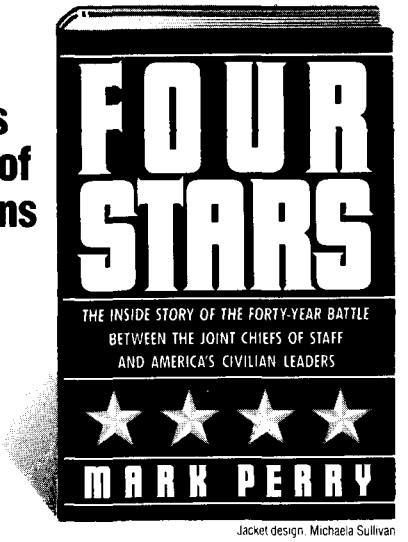
Schama offers us also a narrative for our times. His chronicle is informed by Hitler's Holocaust, Pol Pot's auto-genocide in Cambodia, and Stalin's Gulag. For the most part he remains calm and detached, reserving his rare flashes of anger only for those sycophantic, ideology-blinded, or willfully perverse scholars who have tried to explain away or ignore events such as the September massacres, the Terror, and the civil war in the Vendée. He rightly points out how difficult it was in the 18th century to kill large numbers of people quickly. Hence the invention of that neat and speedy device, the guillotine; hence the mass drownings by the boat load; hence the discovery (used again by the Germans and Russians in World War II) that the easiest way to dispose of large numbers of people in a short time is to shoot them while they are standing on the edge of pits to contain their corpses; hence requests by the revolutionary authorities to the scientists for a poison in liquid or gas form, which might facilitate the process of mass killing. There can be little doubt that if the scientists had come up with an efficient gas chamber, the French revolutionary authorities in 1792-94 would have been only too pleased to use it.

Schama does not merely write brilliantly about people, about events, about the use or abuse of rhetoric, and about festivals and executions. He also begins his chronicle with a dramatic burst of poetic imagination. He starts his story with an elephant, a huge three-story creature made of plaster, erected in 1814 on the site of the Bastille, so large that the watchman lived in a leg. It was a mock-up of a projected bronze image of "Revolutionary Oblivion"—presumably a reference to the now demolished Bastille—but it degenerated into a squalid nuisance, as it slowly rotted away in lugubrious decay over the next 30 years. It turned black, became covered with dandelions and thistles, was occupied by stray cats and overnight vagrants, and was teeming with

Inside Washington —from those who know.

"Superlative...." This is an absolutely riveting, fresh new idea—looking at current events through the eyes of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Perry has done a superlative job in telling a story that has never been told before."
—SEYMOUR HERSH, author of *The Price of Power*

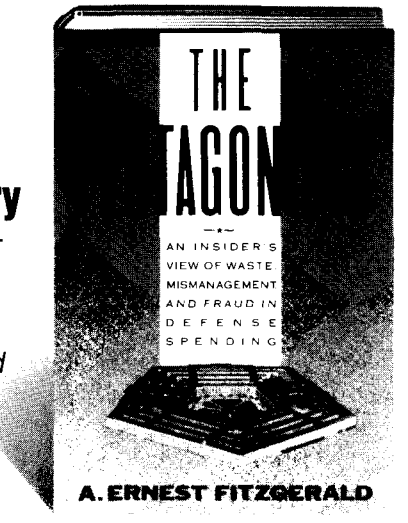
"Mark Perry has demystified one of the most mysterious and misunderstood of America's institutions in a book that combines the rare qualities of readability and credibility."
—STANLEY KARNOW, author of *Vietnam: A History*


FOUR STARS
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE FORTY-YEAR BATTLE BETWEEN THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF AND AMERICA'S CIVILIAN LEADERS
MARK PERRY

Jacket design: Michaela Sullivan

"Fitzgerald showed how the Pentagon made stealing legal." —REP. JOHN DINGELL (D., Michigan)

"As a courageous, outspoken public servant, Fitzgerald has sounded an effective rallying cry for citizens to reassert democratic control of national defense."
—NICK KOTZ, (front page) *Washington Post Book World*



Jacket design: Archie Ferguson
Jacket photo: Wide World Photos © 1989

Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108
© Houghton Mifflin Company 1989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rats. To Schama, the fate of the plaster elephant symbolizes the decay of the Revolution itself.

His story ends with a real lion, which had started in the royal menagerie, and ended, still caged but just alive, in the Jardin des Plantes. At the height of the Terror, the lion had been mocked and spat upon as "The King of the Beasts," being regarded as emblematic of monarchy. Now, after it was all over, "He looked at the English spy who wrote about him (and perhaps sympathized with his fallen heraldic royalty) with a yellow golden eye."

Schama enlivens the start of his story with a dazzling rhetorical trick. Instead of beginning in 1789, he opens on a morning in 1830, when two old gentlemen were awakened by their servants, bearing news that another revolution had broken out and that the king had fled. One was Lafayette, Washington's adopted son, and an incurably romantic lover of revolutions. On hearing the news, the still spry 73-year-old jumped out of bed, ransacked his wardrobe for his old uniform, put on a bright red wig, and rode into central Paris to resume the role he had occupied in 1789-90 as head of the National Guard. He entered the Hotel de Ville in high excitement, kissed everyone in sight, and propelled himself on to the balcony to receive the plaudits of the crowd.

On that same morning, another old gentleman, 75, was awakened by his servant who told him the news. Even in his youth, Talleyrand had never had much time for revolutionary zeal or rhetorical display. He was, above all, the great survivor. On hearing the news, he groaned heavily. His only move was to tell his servant to unscrew the nameplate from his front door, to avoid any danger of recognition by the mob. "In their own persons," writes Schama, "Lafayette and Talleyrand embodied the split personality of the French Revolution." Even Schama's severest critics will have to admit that this is an inspired way to begin a chronicle of the French Revolution.

The very great virtues of this book do not lie in its profound insights, or in the truth of the underlying premise, or in the depth of the research, but rather in the coruscating brilliance of Schama's style, his dazzling display of erudition and intelligence, his unusual stress on the sheer ferocity and brutality of the events. Readers will not soon forget the head of Foulon, hay stuffed in its mouth and stuck on a pike, a gory object that was thrust before his son-in-law with the admonition to "kiss papa," before he too was strung up and mutilated. Or Theobald Dillon, a defeated general, who was torn from his coach by the mob, slashed in the face, bayoneted to death, and his body hung from a lamppost. His left leg was then cut off, carried around town as a trophy, and eventually thrown on a bonfire. Or the massacre in cold blood after the surrender of about 600 Swiss Guards, who were stabbed, stoned, and clubbed. Limbs were hacked off, genitals scissored out and stuffed in gaping mouths or fed to dogs. The guards were literally torn to pieces.

Bloodshed, comments Schama, was to the Revolution "the source of energy." Worst of all were the September massacres of 1792, in which 1,400 prisoners of all sorts, including 19 under the age of 15, suffered similarly ferocious murder without trial at the hands of a bloodthirsty mob, while the leaders of the regime, Roland and Danton, turned a blind eye on what was going on. For Schama, this event "more than any other exposed a central truth of the French Revolution: its dependence on organized killing to accomplish political ends."

But the killings went on, to the horror of the English caricaturist Gillray and the disillusioned fugitive Talleyrand. A whole region, the Vendée, was drowned in blood. First the peasants rose and slaughtered some 500 townspeople and Jacobins, a deed to which the forces of the Republic responded by systematically laying waste the whole countryside, killing all living things. The Republican general reported, perhaps boastfully, that "I have crushed children under the feet of horses, massacred women who at least . . . will bear no more brigands." It is now thought that, when it was all over, the deaths totaled 250,000, or a third of the prerevolutionary population of the area.

By 1793 the Terror was in full swing. Lyons was punished by the destruction of 1,600 upper-bourgeois houses, while 2,000 persons were guillotined. A barber surgeon wrote to his brother, "What pleasure you would have experienced if, the day before yesterday, you had seen national justice meted out to two hundred and nine villains. What majesty! What improving tone! How completely edifying!" As this quotation suggests, there was something more than a little mad about the rhetoric that accompanied all this killing. St. Just declared that "the Republic consists in the extermination of everything that opposes it." Desmoulins, following Mirabeau, observed that "liberty is a bitch who likes to be bedded on a mattress of cadavers."

Schama is careful to point out that these killings were not universal, that they were interspersed with great national festivities of love and unity attended by ecstatic crowds of hundreds of thousands. The first took place in the summer of 1790, with the huge Festival of Federation, designed to be a symbolic gesture of revolutionary unity. The show took place in the Champs de Mars, where the sacred oath was taken on the "Altar of the Fatherland," after the skeptical Talleyrand, still bishop of Autun, had blessed the ceremony with a mass and benediction while the rain dribbled off his miter. Meanwhile utopian orators issued a "Declaration of Peace to the World."

Another such episode, symbolizing fraternity amid the mutual purges of the rulers and spontaneous massacres of the ruled, was the Festival of Unity and Indivisibility in the Place de la Bastille in August 1793. It was carefully choreographed by David to imitate the taking of the sacrament in a cathedral, but it was addressed to the incarnation of Nature rather than to God. Other spectacular ceremonies took place elsewhere the same day, one to a statue of Liberty in the Place de la Revolution, another to a gigantic statue of Hercules on the Invalides, representing "The French People Crushing Federalism." As Schama points out, by 1793-94 David had become the Albert Speer of the Revolution, drawing up fantastic plans for a colossal domed amphitheater for the massed spectacles and patriotic displays so beloved by Robespierre.

These joint efforts culminated in June 1794 with the "Festival of the Supreme Being," a new religious creed invented by Robespierre only a month before, and now displayed before a bemused public. The oratorio was sung by a massed choir of 2,400, the key moments being the singing of the new "Hymn to the Supreme Being" and the old "Marseillaise." To conclude the proceedings, Robespierre made a speech in favor of Liberty and Virtue, and finally burned the effigy of Atheism, from which emerged (slightly sooty) the statue of Wisdom. Schama remarks sardonically, "While banks of roses perfumed the air at one end of Paris, puddles of blood contaminated it at the other end," to which the guillotine had been moved. Nor was this the end of such displays, for Robespierre had already decreed other festivities to celebrate Truth, Justice, Modesty, Friendship, Frugality, Courage, Sincerity, Liberty of the World, and other such improving and inspiring concepts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the postmodern sensibilities of the late 1980s, as displayed by Schama, the Revolution has become, then, little more than a prolonged theatrical display, composed of irrational rhetorical bombast, scenes of massacre and executions, and gigantic public rituals—mere talk, blood, and circuses, comparable to the Iranian revolution of the late 1970s. The only apparent result of the Revolution, Schama argues, was to hinder the advance of the economic and social modernization of France and the rise to power of the already emergent bourgeoisie. It is reduced by him to a sideshow, a bloody accident on the highway of history, although one that he describes with magnificent brio and conviction.

But one may legitimately argue that there is more to be said about the long-term consequences of these cataclysmic events than Schama is willing to allow. If today we are celebrating the bicentenary of the French Revolution, it is not for its evident political failures from 1789 to 1794, or for its appetite for blood. We celebrate it because we believe that most of the elements of the modern world were first adumbrated in the 1790s in Paris.

It was, above all, a revolution of words, offered to the world in a sudden outpouring of pamphlets and newspapers unleashed by the lifting of censorship. Among these words there emerged ideas such as the equality of all citizens before the law; liberty; the Declaration of the Rights of Man; manhood suffrage; republicanism; the abolition of titles, privileges, and monopolies; state-supported education at all levels; the encouragement of science; the granting of divorce on demand; the triumph of reason over superstition; the separation of Church and State; the modern bureaucratic state; mass mobilization for war, and a cult of patriotism to sustain it. (The last ideology became so extreme that the writers of sex manuals began urging their readers to use a "patriotic position.") We are fascinated not by all the madness and horror, but by Wordsworth's ecstasy and enthusiasm on hearing of the fall of the Bastille: "Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive . . . ," an emotion based on the belief that a new age of freedom, reason, and happiness was struggling to be born.

The Revolution from 1789 to 1794 was certainly short on achievement. Indeed, it was largely the disaster that Schama so relentlessly portrays. But it was also long on innovatory ideas and institutions, many of which are still cherished by us today. Those ideas, propagated by the printing press, tend to get lost sight of in the rush to chronicle all the accompanying atrocities. Even if it was drenched in blood, the French Revolution was fueled by ideas and words: emotive, heavily charged ideas and words that still move us today. It would be unfair, however, to end on such a downbeat note. Schama's chronicle is, after all, a stunningly virtuoso performance. It deserves to win the 1789 sweepstakes.

LAWRENCE STONE is Dodge Professor of History and director of the Shelby Cullom Davis Center for Historical Studies at Princeton University. His most recent book is *The Past and the Present Revisited* (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

False Witness

BY DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

Why Did the Heavens Not Darken? The "Final Solution" in History by Arno J. Mayer

(Pantheon, 492 pp., $27.95)

Arno Mayer begins by distinguishing his work from previous histories of the Holocaust. He considers them too beholden to the survivors' "cult of remembrance [which] has become overly sectarian." He, by contrast, is a votary of the "Muse of history," not the "Muse of memory," devoted to objectivity, accuracy, and veracity. His book purports to serve the truth, to correct the dominant, allegedly ethnocentric and ideological understanding of the Holocaust by presenting a "new" interpretation of the Nazis' attempt (largely successful) to slaughter European Jewry. But it is itself an artful construction of half-truths, itself in the service of an ideology. And it is riddled with extraordinary factual errors, which amount to a pattern of falsification and distortion.

It is odd, for a start, that this call for intellectual rigor, and for the critical evaluation of scholarship, comes from a man who has written 500 pages to overturn accepted historical accounts of matters large and small without seeing fit to document a single thing he says. There is a bibliography at the end of Mayer's book, but there are, astonishingly, no footnotes at all, no discussion of sources, no close look at the views of other scholars in the field. There is simply no way to know exactly what historical material Mayer uses to substantiate his assertions. He makes the verification that he demands of us extremely difficult. Mayer's muse is mute on sources.

The general argument of Mayer's book is simple. Despite his iconoclastic air, the argument is not original: it was advanced in 1972 by the German historian Uwe Adam. (Mayer fails to acknowledge Adam.) The argument is this. Contrary to the accepted view, the German murder of the Jews was not a premeditated act. It was not the implementation of a decision or an idea. It did not spring directly from the Nazi view of the world. It was a frenzied, unplanned, desperate reaction to the failure of the crusade against Bolshevism, to the military setbacks that the Germans experienced in Russia. The Nazis were moved to kill Jews, despite their desire to relocate them peacefully, because the anticipated avenues of resettlement were closed off by the course of the war. It was when the war against the Soviet Union—Mayer likens it rather fancifully to the Crusades of medieval Christianity—ran into difficulty, when the Germans realized they could not prevail, that they lashed out at Jews with genocidal ferocity:

> The torment of the Jews was contingent on the course of this war-cum-crusade [against Soviet Russia]. As noted before, during the initial triumph of Barbarossa in the summer of 1941 the Jews were persecuted primarily as part of the "common enemy"—"Judeobolshevism." Nazi Germany did not cross the threshold to the willful and systematic mass murder of Jews until the war-cum-crusade ran aground. . . . The Jewish catastrophe was forged in the crucible of this irreversible but failing *Glaubenskrieg* [religious war]. This secular crusade provided the mastery of space, the corridor of time, and the climate of violence the Nazis needed to perpetrate the Judeocide.

For Mayer, the Holocaust was an improvisation. He all but says that it was an accident.

Mayer's book contains unexceptionable parts—a useful summary of *Mein Kampf*, descriptions of military cam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paigns, vivid recitations of aspects of German and Jewish history; but in essence it is tendentious, its purpose being to argue the primacy of Hitler's and the Nazis' anti-Marxism over their anti-Semitism. While he is not always clear or consistent, the thrust of Mayer's account is to make anti-Semitism subsidiary to anti-Marxism, in German thought and deed. The Nazi hatred of the Jews was subordinate, Mayer argues, to the Nazi hatred for "Judeo-Bolshevism." Indeed, Mayer himself seems to regard Bolshevism, or at least "reform and revolution" (as opposed to "reaction, Caesarism, or counterrevolution"), as historically the Jews' friend. "In 1917 the Russian Revolution emancipated Europe's largest and most oppressed Jewish community. Like the French Revolution, it gave a tremendous impetus to the idea and reality of the emancipation of Jews in the Christian world." That observation is spectacularly ignorant of the real fate of the Jews and Judaism under Soviet rule.

More to the point, it was surely *not* anti-Bolshevism that caused the Nazis to regard Jewish bodies as racially polluting, to declare sexual contact with them a grievous crime, to sterilize the physically debilitated Germans, to kill the German insane, to mass-murder Gypsies, to decimate homosexuals, to seek the extermination of the Polish intelligentsia, to intend the destruction not only of the Bolshevik state but also of the Russian people (in Himmler's words, "to destroy and bleed white the military and human substance of the 200 million strong Russian people"), to envisage the climax of this apocalyptic enterprise as the eradication of the Christian churches.

All these policies and objectives derived, quite obviously, from a set of ideas, a view of the world, a philosophical standpoint—specifically, from a Darwinian racial-biological theory of history, quasi-eschatological in character. *That* was the mainspring of the diffuse and comprehensive murderousness of the Nazis, of their desire to change the face of the world. In the Nazi vision, the Jews were a transhistorical, demoniacal evil; and Bolshevism was but one manifestation of it.

The theme of "Judeo-Bolshevism" existed in Nazi thought, but it hardly possessed the centrality that Mayer ascribes to it. Many of the principal Nazi expositions of anti-Semitism, in print, in film, in speeches, scarcely mention "Judeo-Bolshevism." It is absent, for example, from Hitler's only speech entirely devoted to anti-Semitism, delivered on August 13, 1920. It receives but a passing mention in *Der Ewige Jude*, a lengthy propaganda film, shown to the executioners, that gave a Nazi account of the Jews' role in world history. It is hardly mentioned in Alfred Rosenberg's *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, the magnum opus of the Nazi worldview, although the perniciousness of the Jews is discussed at length. And it is not to be found in Himmler's famous justification of the murder of the Jews in the secret speech of October 4, 1943, to the SS major-generals where he describes the Jewish people as a bacterium.

Mayer ignores, he chooses to ignore, the obvious fact that the Nazis' genocidal impulse existed independently of their attitudes toward Bolshevism. His tendentious interpretations will, no doubt, be apparent to many of his readers. His other mistakes will be less apparent. For Mayer's enormous intellectual error is embedded in a narrative that abounds in errors of fact, in distortions, in inventions. And these errors are integral to his argument. Without them, it would lack even a semblance of verisimilitude.

I will confine myself to only a few of Mayer's most glaring untruths: his distortion of the first phase of the mass murder of the Jews in the Soviet Union by the German mobile killing units known as *Einsatzgruppen*; his denial of the genocidal purpose of the Wannsee Conference; and his twisted account of the character of Auschwitz.

Mayer argues that when the Nazis attacked the Soviet Union, they intended not to kill Soviet Jewry, but to settle European Jewry somewhere east of the Urals. He writes that, although the Nazis did sometimes condone or encourage attacks against Jews, "during the first four to five weeks, while Operation Barbarossa went like clockwork, there were no systematic, SS-directed massacres of Jews of the sort that were perpetrated once the German forces crossed into pre-1939 Russia and ran into stiff resistance." But, for a start, Mayer vastly exaggerates the military difficulties of the Germans. He provides little or no evidence for his incessant assertions about the supposed German despair over the military situation in the summer and fall of 1941, or that this alleged despair provoked them to kill Jews. That the Nazis actually intended to resettle European Jewry east of the Urals is pure, unsubstantiated speculation.

These flaws are minor, however, compared with the abundant factual evidence that contradicts Mayer's account. He suggests that many of the Germans' mass slaughters of Jews during the first weeks of the attack on the Soviet Union never occurred. With the exception of the slaughter in Bialystok at the end of June

TAKE OUR WORDS FOR IT...

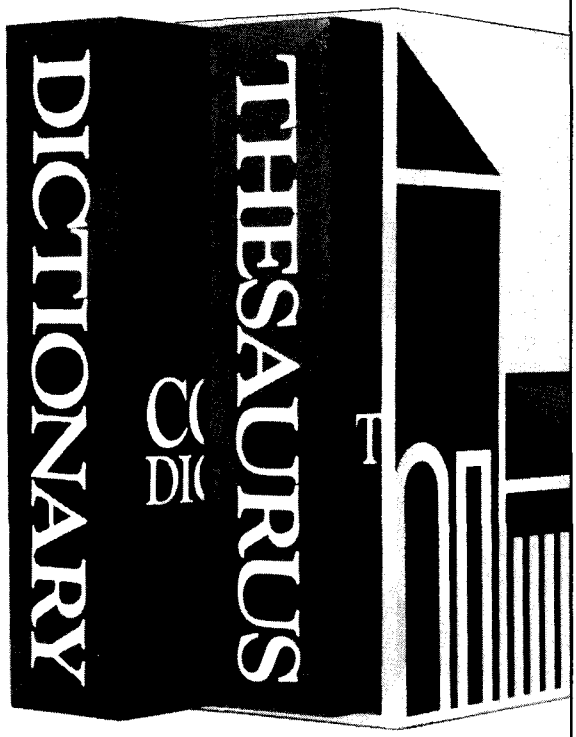
THE RANDOM HOUSE THESAURUS, College Edition

THE RANDOM HOUSE COLLEGE DICTIONARY, Revised Edition

Alone, each is the best in its class. Together, they're absolutely unbeatable, for home, school, or office.

That's why Random House offers the two most complete, authoritative, up-to-date, and easiest-to-use language references. Now available in a sleek, contemporary boxed set, at all bookstores.

RANDOM HOUSE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1941, he denies or minimizes German participation in the killings that he does discuss. Mayer tells us that most of the killings in the first few weeks of the occupation of Soviet territory were "wild pogroms" perpetrated by the local peoples, for which the Germans had little direct responsibility. This argument—that the German army and security forces would allow the local people in territories they had just conquered to run about armed and uncontrolled, to slaughter on their own, at their pleasure, thousands of people—is, on the face of it, absurd. And indeed, it did not happen. As the postwar trials of the *Einsatzgruppen* in West Germany have demonstrated, the general pattern was that the German army or the *Einsatzgruppen* reorganized the local militias into units, and then had them kill Jews under German supervision. (See the Indictment of Erich Ehrlinger, the commander of *Einsatzkommando* 1b, *Die Zentrale Stelle fur Landesjustizverwaltung (ZSt.)*: 294 AR-Z 21/58, page 179.)

All Mayer tells us about the Kovno region, for example, is that the Lithuanian "partisans" killed 3,800 Jews in Kovno from June 25 to June 29, while 1,200 were killed in neighboring towns at the same time; and that a week later "Lithuanian murder gangs slaughtered '2,930 Jews and 47 Jewesses.' " He neglects to mention that these "murder gangs" were working under the direct supervision of the *Einsatzkommandos* (Nuremberg Document L-180). He also fails to inform us of a large number of *Einsatzkommando* killings around Kovno. In Dvinsk, for example, during the first two weeks of July, *Einsatzkommando* 1b shot 1,150 Jews with the aid of Lett units under its command. In the first few weeks of Barbarossa, there were, in Shavel, repeated German killings of hundreds of Jews at a time. In neighboring Radviliskis, the Germans shot all 700 Jewish men on July 12. In the area around Radviliskis and Shavel during July, the Germans and the Lithuanian units under their command killed the Jews of the surrounding small towns. (These killings are documented in a number of *Einsatzgruppen* reports and postwar trial investigations. For the killing in Dvinsk, see the Indictment of Ehrlinger, pages 180-81.)

Some of this Mayer may not have known, since his bibliography indicates that he consulted virtually none of the primary sources. But he seems to have read reports about the killings filed by the *Einsatzgruppen* themselves, as well as Helmut Krausnick and Hans-Heinrich Wilhelm's *Die Truppe des Weltanschauungskrieges* (The Army of the Ideological War), the standard secondary work on the *Einsatzgruppen*. And even those

"I have read many books on the CIA, but none more **searching and still dispassionate.** Nor would I have believed that a book of such towering scholarship could still be so **lucid and exciting to read.**" —Daniel Schorr

The CIA and American Democracy

Rhodri Jeffreys-Jones

This history of the CIA—the first to be based on verifiable documents and on substantial scholarly sources—traces the agency's history from its founding in 1947 to the Iran-Contra scandal.

"Judicious and reasonable. . . . A sophisticated study that should challenge us to take a more serious view about how our democracy formulates its foreign policy." —David P. Calleo, *The New York Times Book Review* $25.00

At fine bookstores.

Yale University Press
Dept. 3601
92A Yale Station
New Haven, CT 06520

FAX (203) 432-0948

THE MASKS OF WAR

American Military Styles in Strategy and Analysis

BY CARL H. BUILDER

"Few of us will agree with everything in this provocative book. All of us, however, will benefit from the author's invitation to look beyond what the strategists, analysts, and even the military services themselves say they are doing in the name of military planning and national security in an effort to understand why the military services act as they do."

—SAM NUNN, U.S. SENATE FROM THE FOREWORD

Why was the Navy ready to clear the skies over the Persian Gulf, yet surprised by the mines laid under it? Why is the Army, caught off guard in Korea and Vietnam, always ready for war in Europe? What motives lie behind the puzzling behavior of America's military forces? Carl Builder unmasks the military's hidden agenda to reveal the distinct institutional "personalities" of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. The masks of war are far more powerful—and far more resistant to change—than Congress, the president, or the Department of Defense.

A RAND CORPORATION RESEARCH STUDY $10.95 *paper*, $28.00 *cloth*

Available at your bookstore or call 1-800-537-JHUP.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON DEFENSE

Liddell Hart and the Weight of History

By **JOHN J. MEARSHEIMER**

"A fascinating study. It challenges too easily held assumptions, destroys old myths and sheds new light on old and current issues. Highly entertaining [and] extremely readable."
—Henry Stanhope, Defence Specialist, *The London Times*

"Liddell Hart is probably the best known modern military theorist in the world, so his reputation is worthy of this sustained critical analysis. The book is admirably organized, vigorously argued and scrupulously documented."
—Brian Bond
King's College London

Cornell Studies in Security Affairs. $24.95

The Search for Security in Space

Edited by **KENNETH N. LUONGO** and **W. THOMAS WANDER**

This timely reader brings together the best work on space security by well-known arms control analysts, along with significant recent government documents. Offering a broad and judicious treatment of the space weapons controversy, the articles selected set forth the positions of the United States and Soviet governments, balanced by the often dissenting analyses of outside critics.

Cornell Studies in Security Affairs
$36.50 cloth, $10.95 paper

The Ideology of the Offensive

Military Decision Making and the Disasters of 1914

By **JACK SNYDER**

New in Paper! "[Snyder's] approach promises and delivers a number of fresh new insights as well as confirmation of old ones. He . . . illustrates the perceptual distortions arising out of the effort to impose rationality on a medium of incalculables. . . . A much-needed and useful book."
—*American Historical Review*

Cornell Studies in Security Affairs
$35.00 cloth, $9.95 paper

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
124 Roberts Place • Ithaca, NY 14850

CORNELL

sources demonstrate that once the Germans arrived, the Lithuanians and the Letts were working under German command and supervision; that these mass slaughters were not wild pogroms; that the Germans bear responsibility for these killings. To dismiss the existing documentary record as unreliable, and then to assert its opposite without presenting new evidence (Mayer's bibliography suggests that he has none), is not the way of a genuine scholar.

For other cities and regions, Mayer's account is equally inaccurate. About the slaughter of Jews in Lvov at the beginning of Barbarossa, Mayer writes: "On July 2 and 3, apparently with considerable popular support, the Ukrainian vigilantes tortured and killed at least 7,000 Jews in an action that was part militia riot, part pogrom. While the German security forces probably did not foment this massacre—the action commandos of *Einsatzgruppe* C had not arrived as yet—neither they nor the military did anything to put a stop to it." The facts speak otherwise.

Although Mayer leads us to believe that *Einsatzgruppen* men were not yet there, the staff of *Einsatzgruppe* C, including its commander, Otto Rasch, arrived in Lvov on July 1. During the time of the killings there were also detachments of three separate *Einsatzkommandos* successively there, each of which worked in "close collaboration" with the Ukrainian militia in slaughtering Jews. The *Einsatzgruppe*'s report of July 16 is explicit on the Germans' responsibility for the mass slaughter of Jews in Lvov, even though the Ukrainians eagerly shared in the slaughter. Under the heading "Measures of the *Einsatzgruppen*," it reported: "In retaliation for inhuman cruelties approximately 7,000 Jews were seized and shot by the security police."

Erwin Schulz, the commander of the *Einsatzkommando* that undertook much of the killing, has testified at a number of postwar trials to his commando's role in this slaughter thinly disguised as retribution for earlier Soviet killings of Ukrainians: "The military command had already organized a local Ukrainian militia in the city. Dr. Rasch, who worked in close cooperation with the [Ukrainian] militia, ordered the *Sonderkommando* to support it." Thus, directly contrary to Mayer's assertions, the mass slaughter of Lvov's Jews was not merely part riot and part pogrom, it was a German-inspired and German-supervised massacre, and the *Einsatzgruppe* perpetrated much of the killing itself. This information is available from sources in Mayer's bibliography.

There are many other such misleading and false statements in Mayer's account of the early days of the Germans' occupation of the Soviet Union. He tells us, for example, that aside from Bialystok "there were no random pogroms or controlled liquidations in these or any other Belorussian cities," and that the *Einsatzkommandos* started killing Jews in this region only in mid-October, not "until the military campaign was in serious difficulty." As usual he provides no evidence for this assertion. But there is much evidence to the contrary. *Einsatzkommando* 8 was in Belorussia, and during this period its units conducted many killings of Jews, including the massacres of 1,075 Jews in Slonim in mid-July; of 3,000 Jews in Baranovichi between July 14 and 17; and of a large number of Jews in at least seven different massacres during July and August in Minsk. (The sources for these killings are the Indictment of Otto Bradfisch, *ZSt.*: 202 AR-Z 81/59, pages 16, 30-34; and the Judgment against Karl Strohhammer of 19 March 1972, *ZSt.*: 202 AR-Z 81/59, page 11. Bradfisch was the commander of *Einsatzkommando* 8, and Strohhammer one of its officers.)

About the Ukraine, Mayer tells us that the *Einsatzkommandos* did not start slaughtering Jews there until the military encountered stiff resistance: "Characteristically, the first large-scale massacre took place in Zhitomir, the first major strategic intersection at which the Wehrmacht was fought off more than momentarily. Within two weeks the Germans murdered about 3,000 Jews in Zhitomir, a much larger number than in other cities about to be captured." Aside from the figure of 3,000 being greatly inflated, Mayer never mentions that the *Einsatzkommando* that perpetrated the killings in Zhitomir had conducted at least ten separate massacres of Jews in cities before Zhitomir, including a set of three killings in Luck during the first week of July, in which between 1,500 and 2,000 Jews died. (See, for example, the *Einsatzgruppen* reports of July 6 and July 16, 1941.) Here, too, the standard sources for the *Einsatzgruppen* killings, which Mayer has read, refute him.

Mayer not only methodically effaces the traces of the *Einsatzgruppen*'s systematic killings of Jews during the early stages of the attack on the Soviet Union, he also never mentions that *Einsatzgruppen* officers themselves have testified repeatedly, at Nuremberg and in subsequent trials in West German courts, that before the attack on the Soviet Union, Reinhard Heydrich, the head of the security police and the initial organizer of the "Final Solution," commissioned them to exterminate Soviet Jewry. Moreover, the testimony of the *Einsatzkommandos* indi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cates unequivocally that they understood their task to be the killing of Jews independent of the army's fortunes in war. Mayer constantly asserts that Soviet resistance and German difficulties in 1941 roused the Germans into a fury, but the words of the Germans involved betrays hardly any awareness of the difficulties on the battlefield, no sense of frustration with the military campaign whatsoever, no linkage between the fortunes of the German army and the fate of the Jews.

I have studied the testimony of hundreds of *Einsatzgruppen* killers of all ranks, and I can report that they would read Mayer's account of the circumstances and the reasons for their crimes with incredulity. Their collective memory of the past, moreover, confirms what Mayer chooses to call disparagingly the "sectarian" survivors' "cult of remembrance," from which he dissents with hauteur. Greater insight into the Germans' killing of the Jews can be gained from the self-incriminating testimony of just one member of an *Einsatzkommando* than from this entire book. After saying that they killed a large number (over 1,100) of Jews in Luck in a single day, one of the killers explains why:

> The Jews were killed because they were Jews, and because the so-called Führer Order demanded it. To my knowledge, the first instruction about the tasks of the *Einsatzkommandos* was given by [the commander of *Einsatzkommando* 4a] Blobel at the first stop in Russia. I do not remember the exact words of Blobel's announcement, but their gist was that the Jews were a useless, bad people and they must therefore be annihilated. (*ZSt.*: 204 AR-Z 269/60 Vol. 9, page 1978)

That massacre occurred on July 3, at the beginning of the Germans' attack on the Soviet Union: well before the German army ran into difficulty. In Mayer's version of the campaign, however, it may as well have never occurred.

Mayer's account of other aspects of the Holocaust is equally shabby. He declares, for example, that the Wannsee Conference—where Heydrich announced to the Nazi bureaucracies the decision to murder all of European Jewry and instructed them in their duties—was really about the resettlement and labor utilization of Jews (with the knowledge that the unfit would perish). In discussing this and other events, he refers to Nazi euphemisms for murder ("resettlement," "evacuation," and so on) as if they were meant literally. He does not bother to mention that many of the perpetrators themselves have testified that these terms were euphemisms designed to conceal their deeds.

Eichmann himself, who wrote the protocol of the Wannsee Conference on which Mayer relies for his denial of the outright genocidal intent of the conference, explained repeatedly during his pretrial interrogations that the euphemisms used at Wannsee referred to killing. When asked what Heydrich had meant when he said that surviving Jews "must be treated accordingly," Eichmann responded: "Killed, killed. Undoubtedly." A short while later he told his interrogator that "Heydrich did not at the time of the Wannsee Conference speak of killing. He spoke of putting Jews to work in the East. That was his way of camouflaging it." (The source for Eichmann's account is also contained in Mayer's bibliography, but he seems not to know it, or not to care.)

Mayer's chapter on Auschwitz is written almost in the spirit of revisionist apologia. Mayer goes out of his way to inform us that, yes, though the sources are problematic, we cannot doubt that gas chambers were used at Auschwitz to kill Jews. (Of course we cannot doubt it. Who needed reassurance?) Still, he presents Auschwitz throughout as a work camp, where the sick, the old, the young, and the weak died because they could not meet German work expectations, because they were not robust enough to survive the extremely unhealthy camp conditions. One would not know from Mayer's discussion that the old, the young, and the weak were, as a rule, not admitted as inmates to that part of Auschwitz that was a slave labor camp, but killed immediately upon arrival. In his 28 pages on Auschwitz, Mayer refuses—asserting that the figures are unreliable—to give even an estimate of the number of Jews who perished there. Such figures might lead the reader to suspect, after all, that Auschwitz was a camp of unparalleled mass murder, not primarily a place of work.

"There is a distinction," Mayer writes, "between dying from 'natural' or 'normal' causes and being killed by shooting, hanging, phenol injection, or gassing." (This is a dubious distinction, historically and morally. In Mayer's scheme, planned starvation was one of the "natural" causes.) Then he proceeds to a statement that is as offensive as it is inaccurate:

> The Nazi leaders decided to transport frail and sick Jews, and Gypsies, to Auschwitz in full awareness of the perils they would face, and they continued to do so once there was no ignoring and denying the deadly conditions there, including the endemic danger of epidemics. Besides, from 1942 to 1945, certainly at Auschwitz, but probably overall, *more Jews were killed by so-called 'natural' causes than by 'unnatural' ones* [my emphasis].

Mayer is saying, astoundingly, that the

At Bookstores Now
$18.95 paperback
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Bloomington, Indiana 47405

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTENSITIES & ANALOGIES

by A.R. Thurar

The psychological reasons for everyday behaviors: Art, Drama, Love, Music, Religion, Sex, Sports & many others.

ECR Press, P.O. Box 1208, Stn. B, Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1P 5R3. $8 + $2 s/h (chq. or m.o.)

Between Bailout and Breakdown

A Modular Approach to Latin America's Debt Crisis

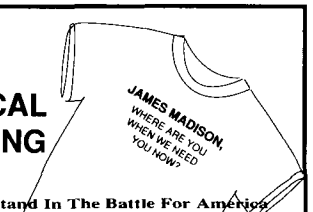
William Guttman $ 6.95

"...provides as good an inventory of realistic and pragmatic proposals... as exists."

Alan Stoga, Senior Associate, Kissinger Associates

CSIS BOOKS
1800 K Street, N.W. Ste. 400
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 775-3119

POLITICAL CLOTHING



Take Your Stand In The Battle For America
Citizenship Is More Than Occasional Voting

CHOOSE FROM AMONG THE FOLLOWING TWELVE SLOGANS:

WE'RE AMERICANS ALL
LEFT OR RIGHT -
LET'S GET BACK TO OUR ROOTS
SUPPORT OUR CONSTITUTION

HAVE YOU READ YOUR CONSTITUTION LATELY?

FINISH THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

DON'T WORRY,
FASCISM IS FUN

IT'S MORE THAN GUNS
IT'S FREEDOM

JAMES MADISON,
WHERE ARE YOU WHEN WE NEED YOU NOW?

THE FOUNDING FATHERS WANTED THE PEOPLE TO BE AS WELL ARMED AS THEIR GOVERNMENT -
GOTTA PROBLEM WITH THAT?

FIRST THINGS FIRST -
THE SECOND AMENDMENT

JUST SAY NO

IT'S 11:00 O'CLOCK -
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR GOVERNMENT IS DOING?

The Continual Effort And Alarm Attandant On **A State Of Continual Danger**, Will Compel Nations The Most Attached To Liberty To Resort For Repose And Security To Institutions Which Have A Tendency To Destroy Their Civil And Political Rights. **To be More Safe, They At Length Become Willing to Run The Risk Of Being Less Free.**
Alexander Hamilton, 1787,Federalist Paper #8

"....**I Agree To This Constitution** With All It's Faults, If They Are Such, Because **I Think A General Government Necessary For Us**, And There Is No Form Of Government But What May Be A Blessing, If Well Administered; And I Believe Farther, That This Is Likely To Be Well Administered For A Course Of Years, And Can Only End In Despotism, As Other Forms Have Done Before It, **When The People Shall Become So Corrupted As To Need Despotic Government, Being Incapable Of Any Other."**
Benjamin Franklin, 1787, His Final Speech In The Federal Convention

Premium Quality, Full Cut, Heavy Weight, Banded Neck T-Shirt
Grey Heather, 90% Cotton/10% Rayon S-XL $12, XXL$13.50
Add $2 UPS Delivery Continental U.S. allow 4 -6 weeks for delivery

WÅTERGÛN
CLOTHING & DRY GOODS
685 WASHINGTON AVENUE, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA 33139
1-800-332-8899
VISA - M.C. - DINNERS - C.B. - AMEXCO - CHECKS ACCEPTED

Nazi leaders sent Jews to Auschwitz despite their knowledge that life in the camp was perilous, as if epidemics were the main danger for the Jews; not with the intention of killing them. It is, moreover, an absolute fabrication to say, as Mayer does, that more Jews died of so-called "natural" causes at Auschwitz or in Europe than by shooting, hanging, phenol injection, and gassing. Of all the people sent to Auschwitz, only 405,000 Jews and non-Jews were ever admitted to the camp as inmates (forming the pool of candidates for what Mayer calls "natural" death). The historian Aharon Weiss, an authority on the death camps, places the number of Jews who died at Auschwitz between 1.5 million and 2.5 million. Most of those Jews were gassed. Once again, Mayer does not mention his sources for his outrageous discussion of Auschwitz. I wonder what he would adduce in reply to a challenge. Presumably none of the "no Holocaust" literature.

A systematic suppression of the truth, a pattern of distortion, is at the heart of Mayer's "pathbreaking" work. His many misconstructions, especially of the incidence, the scope, and the nature of the Germans' slaughter of the Jews from the beginning of their attack on the Soviet Union, provide the foundation of his argument—that the "Judeocide" was not premeditated, but a byproduct of an anti-Bolshevik military campaign that went awry.

The fact that there is no empirical foundation for Mayer's "theories" has not dissuaded some from discussing them seriously. The proper context for the discussion of Mayer's book, however, is the recent outburst of revisionism concerning Nazism and the Holocaust, particularly by apologists of the German right. They wish, in varying degrees, to "normalize" and "historicize" Nazism, to rehabilitate this terrible part of the German past, and thereby German nationalism. In the preface to his book, Mayer admits to "historicizing the Judeocide," and thanks his publisher for being "dubious" about the project. (Not dubious enough.) Mayer, the man of the left, shares with the historians of the right a shocking disregard for the record, and a willingness to subordinate historiography to political and ideological agendas.

Like Ernst Nolte, Mayer has misconstrued the relationship between the Nazis' views of Bolshevism and their slaughter of Jews. Of course, profound differences separate them. Nolte really does want to exculpate the Nazis. Mayer, obviously, does not. He wishes merely to indict us all for cold war fever, for having viewed the Germans' war against the Jews as a war against the Jews, not as a war against Marx and his heirs. And yet, despite the important differences between Nolte and Mayer, their work issues in the same result. They serve to dedemonize Nazism, to transform the Nazis into just another brutal regime: different in degree, but not in kind. They turn the Holocaust into just another horrible event in this century's flow of misery.

The Nazis were not simply another band of anti-Communists. The Holocaust was not simply the result of a frustrated anti-Communist crusade. But finally the issue is not political at all. A professional historian has produced a mockery of memory and history. In the last sentence of his preface, Mayer writes "that at bottom the Judeocide remains as incomprehensible to me today as five years ago, when I set out to study and rethink it." Would that comprehension had really been his aim.

DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN is a doctoral candidate at Harvard, where he is writing a study of the social psychology of the Nazi executioners.

Manic Monologue

BY ANNE TYLER

Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book by Maxine Hong Kingston

(Knopf, 416 pp., $19.95)

Maxine Hong Kingston's many admirers will probably be surprised to learn that *Tripmaster Monkey* is billed as her first novel. Her first? What about *The Woman Warrior*? What about *China Men*?

Well, true, those may have read like novels, with their daring leaps of language and flights of imagination; but they were actually nonfiction—the former a study of the women in her family,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the latter a study of the men. They were full of poetry, but they were based upon the facts of Chinese immigrant life in this country.

So this is, indeed, her first honest-to-goodness novel: a great huge sprawling beast of a novel, over 400 pages densely packed with the rantings and ravings and pranks and high jinks of one Wittman Ah Sing, a young Chinese-American (but how he would hate that term! Correction: American) rattling around San Francisco at some indeterminate point in the early 1960s. Just a year out of Berkeley, Wittman divides his time between writing poetry and clerking in a toy department, and when we first meet him he's considering suicide, but in such animated and slapdash terms that he doesn't have us worried for a moment.

A few of Wittman's mottoes are: "Better to be dead than boring," "Always do the more flamboyant thing," and "Do something, even if it's wrong." You see where all this could lead—and it does. Wittman's life is anything but dull. During the course of this novel, which encompasses just two months or so, Wittman gets fired for staging a pornographic scene between a Barbie doll and a battery-operated monkey, marries a virtual stranger in an impromptu ceremony performed by a mail-order minister, and produces a marathon play whose cast consists of nearly everyone he's ever met. And that's just the plot's stripped skeleton. There's much, much more, all of it related in his own highly exclamatory interior voice:

> At noon, Wittman got up and walked his bathroom gear, including his private roll of toilet paper, down the hall. He walked in on a woman, who scolded him from her throne, "Who do you think you are, haw, boy? Haw, boy?" As he stepped out—her own fault, she hadn't locked the door—she called him some of the many Chinese words for "crazy"—"Saw! Deen! Moong cha cha! Ngow! Kang!" So many ways to go bananas. Kang, the highest degree of nuts. "Too late, he's gone kang." He returned to his room and pissed in the sink. "There comes a time in life when everybody must take a piss in the sink—here, let me paint the window black for a minute."

Many of Wittman's most impassioned monologues, private or public, have to do with his resentment of the way white Americans perceive him. Why, he wonders, do readers always assume a character is white unless they're told otherwise? (" 'Dear reader, all these characters whom you've been identifying with—Bill, Brooke, and Annie—are Chinese—and *I* am too.' The fiction is spoiled. You who read have been suckered along, identifying like hell, and find out that you've been getting a peculiar, colored, slanted p.o.v.") And why, he asks his theater audience, do white Americans always focus immediately upon his Chineseness?

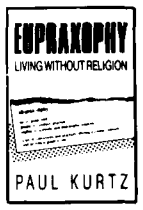
> "Let this be the last time anyone says or hears the following: 'Where do you come from?' I deign to retort, 'Sacramento,' or 'Hanford,' or 'Bakersfield,' you don't get the sarcasm, do you. 'How long have you been in the country?' 'How do you like our country?' 'Fine,' I say; 'how do *you* like it?' 'Do you speak English?' Particularly after I've been talking for hours, don't ask, 'Do you speak English?' The voice doesn't go with the face, they don't hear it. On the phone I sound like anybody, I get the interview, but I get downtown, they see my face, they ask, 'Do you speak English?' Watch, as I leave this stage tonight after my filibuster, somebody's going to ask me, 'You speak the language?' "

Tripmaster Monkey is a novel of excesses—both the hero's and the author's. Wittman careens through the story with that oversupply of manic energy often found in bright, idealistic, not-yet-mellowed young men; and Kingston describes his adventures in a style equally manic, equally energetic. If we didn't know better, we could imagine this book had been written by, say, a 23-year-old newly graduated college student.

Sometimes this is dazzling. How does she do it? we marvel. Where, for instance, does she find the vitality to embark upon a minutely detailed five-page description of what a roomful of high and contact-high party guests sees while staring at a blank TV screen? How has she managed to summon the youthful quirkiness, the youthful sense of limitless time and entirely idle curiosity, that allows Wittman to delight in the reflection of his own naked crotch as distorted by the handguard of a fencing sword? Or, for that matter, the youthful cruelty with which he surveys his fellow human beings? "*Her* turn to talk about *her* kiddiehood," he reflects during a supposedly tender first date with a girl he's long admired. Children disgust him ("We have a lost child, a lost bleeding child found unconscious, possibly dead, in the Toy Department," he imagines announcing when mothers park their offspring in his place of employment), and the sight of a recently immigrated Chinese family infuriates him:

> The whole family taking a cheap outing on their day offu. Immigrants. Fresh Off the Boats out in public. Didn't know how to walk together. Spitting seeds. So uncool. You wouldn't mislike them on sight if their pants weren't so highwater, gym socks white and noticeable. F.O.B. fashions—highwaters or puddlecuffs. Can't get it right. Uncool. Uncool.

EUPRAXOPHY
Living Without Religion
by Paul Kurtz



Can a person lead a meaningful life without a formal identification with religion? Can families raise children without religious instruction or belief in God?

"Yes," says Paul Kurtz, America's leading secular humanist. At a time when 41% of all Americans are unchurched and seeking a new framework of morality, this book offers a positive secular alternative.

***Eupraxophy*—a word coined by Kurtz—expresses a set of convictions, a cosmic outlook, and an authentic ethical life, without the need for organized religion. A powerful antidote to the present confusion about religion, morality, and the good life.**

159 pages • Cloth $15.95

Call toll free (800) 421-0351
In N.Y. State call (716) 837-2475

Prometheus Books
700 East Amherst St. • Buffalo, NY 14215

Add $2.25 for postage and handling. N.Y. State residents add sales tax. **#20053**

LEARN FRENCH ON YOUR OWN!

Not just a phrasebook, but a *real* language course! More than 40 hours of recorded material make this unique self-instructional cassette/book course a truly effective way to learn French.

The course consists of a series of cassettes recorded by *native* French speakers, and accompanying textbook. You'll learn to speak French the way you learned English — by listening and repeating. It's easy, and takes only 25 minutes a day. Your cassette player becomes your "teaching machine." You learn where and when you want to, and at your own pace.

The course was developed by the Foreign Service Institute to train U.S. State Department personnel. In addition, it has been used successfully by thousands of our mail-order customers.

Packaged in handsome vinyl binders, the course is available in two parts. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French Part A:** 12 cassettes (15 hr.) and 194-p. text, $175.
☐ **Basic French Part B:** 18 cassettes (25 hr.) and 290-p. text, $195.
(CT residents add sales tax)

Phone orders call toll-free: **1-800-243-1234**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

Try it for 3 weeks at no risk — we promise prompt refund if not completely satisfied. We offer courses in 47 languages; send for free catalog.

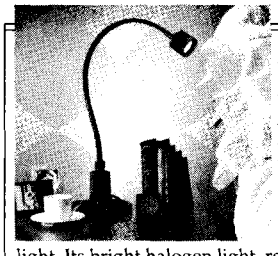
AUDIO-FORUM Room C438,
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But at other times the effect is exhausting—much as if that 23-year-old had taken up residence in our living room, staying way too long, as 23-year-olds are wont to do, and wearing us out with his exuberance. The myths and sagas are particularly tiring. Wittman loves to tell lengthy stories that possess the grandiosity and the meandering formlessness common to folk legends. It's hard to believe that his friends, who tend to be as frenetic as Wittman himself, would sit still for what amounts to hours of this. Certainly the reader has trouble doing so. After a while, the merest mention of Liu Pei or Sun Wu Kong, the Monkey King, is enough to make our eyes glaze over.

No, what keeps us with *Tripmaster Monkey* (and we do stay with it, wholeheartedly) is not the larger-than-life sagas that Wittman finds so compelling but the tiny, meticulously catalogued details that fill his quieter moments. Just listen to the jumbled conversation of his mother and aunts as they play mah-jongg, or watch the hilarious lengths to which his father will go to save money, or observe Wittman's extended, gently humorous encounter with an elderly applicant in the Unemployment Office. When he lists the outward signs of a disintegrating marriage (the shrimp shells rotting on the dinner table, the off-the-hook telephone lost among the dirty clothes), or when he announces his resolutions for self-improvement ("decant the catsup . . . wash coffee cup between usings. . . . Peel an orange into the garbage bag, okay, but then walk a ways off, don't slurp over the bag"), the miracle is that we are riveted to his words no matter how long they go on. These passages refuel us; they remind us how infinitely entertaining everyday life can be when it's observed with a fresh eye.

Chinese, American, Chinese-American—Wittman is all three, whether he likes it or not, and the reader benefits. That Wittman is Chinese gives his story depth and particularity. That he's American lends his narrative style a certain slangy insouciance. That he's Chinese-American, with the self-perceived outsider's edgy angle of vision, makes for a novel of satisfying complexity and bite and verve.



Read in Bed...

with pleasure using our Sunnex light. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page–not your partner. Sturdy 27" gooseneck. In matte black.

$157 incl. UPS & ins. MA res. add 5% tax
MC/VISA/Check • Money-Back Guarantee
Call 617-484-0014 Catalog on Request

LEVENGER–Tools for Serious Readers
480-C Concord Ave., Dept NRH, Belmont, MA 02178

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

and passions, of its faith that it possesses a self-subsistent ground for being, a being in its own right. . . . Behind the buildings, the temples, the committees, the organizations, behind even the awesome phalanx of Presidents, there is mostly a hollowness, a vacuum of meaning and value; and this routine . . . has for its end, if not its purpose, the dulling of doubt, the postponement of self-scrutiny." Mr. Howe also mentioned the "kindly philistinism" of American Jewish life; he asserted that the "religion of most synagogue and temple adherents" is "thin, lukewarm," and that Jewish organizations are mainly "an auxiliary lobby in behalf of Israeli policies." If anything my single-sentence summary was not sweeping enough to convey the apocalyptic scope of the talk. I certainly should have included the adjective "secular" along with "religious"—though Mr. Howe's meaning is often close to "political."

The words "moral erosion" do not appear in Mr. Howe's text. What does appear is his comment that the Jews in the United States are experiencing a "deep crisis" that is "chronic, bloodless, and marked by moral evasion." I am quite willing to call my elision of "evasion" into "erosion" a journalistically incompetent reading of my script, but in what way does this or anything else I wrote display "ideological bias"?

TRB *continued from page 4*

a Russian-speaking friend and I went for a stroll in the Arbat, a picturesque old street that has been turned into Russia's only pedestrian mall. It's lined with shops selling fruit and pastries at uncontrolled prices, artists peddling bogus icons, stand-up coffeehouses, cheesy fabric stores—nothing fancy by our standards, of course, but for Russians it's Rodeo Drive. Down the block, we noticed a big clump of people, maybe 100 in all. We drifted over. On a hoarding, someone had stapled a photocopy of Yeltsin's defiant speech to the Party congress. In the middle of the crowd, a man with a clipboard was collecting signatures on a "Bring Back Boris" petition. People argued loudly as the crowd, some in military uniform, listened quietly and intently. "You're pushing things too far," one man insisted. "You're using *glasnost* to undermine socialism." For the hell of it, we signed the petition. We were Nos. 286 and 287. When we came back a few minutes later, it was up to 356.

Old Moscow hands to whom we described this scene pronounced it amazing, unheard of. But they cautioned us not to make too much of it. The Arbat (Yeltsin's pet project) is not Moscow, they said. And Moscow is not Russia. Still, in three months that clump of loiterers in the Arbat would grow to throngs of 10,000, marching through downtown streets carrying banners emblazoned YELTSIN, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. And in four months, at the polls, it would grow to millions.

Comparing Soviet and American institutions can be dangerous, but this time the Soviets have earned a bit of moral equivalence. They've shown us that a political campaign need not be issueless. There might even be a couple of aspects of their fledgling democracy we could profitably study.

One is the "none of the above" option, which Soviet citizens used so effectively to rid themselves of some of their most egregious "leaders," forcing the system to regroup and come back with more palatable choices. Think how handy this Soviet innovation would come in over here.

Another is the absence of polls. This forces candidates to run either on what they want to say or on what they think the public wants to hear them say, while making it impossible for them to run on what they *know* the public wants to hear them say. In the United States, polls give politicians a continuous feedback mechanism whereby they can tailor their convictions to fit fleeting popular passions. This is one of the reasons for the (pre-Gorbachev) Soviet-style 98 percent reelection rate in our House of Representatives. In the Soviet Union, by contrast, the only poll that counts really is the one on election day.

As for the alleged powerlessness of the new arrangements, this is by no means certain. The process by which the new Congress of People's Deputies will choose the new Supreme Soviet has not been specified, except that it will be by secret ballot; still, it's clear that there will be something like an opposition bloc of deputies. The old Supreme Soviet met for a couple of days a year, and its functions were limited to voting "yes" and participating in ovations. ("Stormy applause. All rise.") The new one will be a full-time legislature, with salaries, staffs, and committees. It will make a lot of noise. And it will have to keep its eye on the next election. Some new *shishki* are throwing around their weight in the Soviet Union. They're called voters.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sturdy, Stackable Natural Beechwood Bookshelves

At a price you would expect to pay for plastic!

For Fast Service
1-800-228-3535

Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
24 Hours-7 Days a Week, In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

Stack them. . .they're interlocking

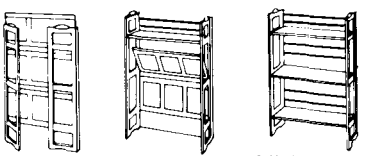
Each free-standing unit is 27¾"w x11½"d x 37"h and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit! And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

Perfect for books, display or storage

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood. A hard wood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture. Do not confuse this item with "wood tone" or plastic imitations. Our low price is made possible by volume purchases, not by inferior material.

Sets up in seconds... without tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take it out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place. And, natural beechwood is attractive. . . even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately. Of course, you can also stain, varnish, or paint them if you prefer.



1. Open hinged sides.
2. Lower shelves into place.
3. You're done! Ready to interlock and stack!

NEW LOW PRICE

List Price $59.95

NOW ONLY **$39.95**

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
Dept. H298 ,126 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1569888 Please send me____sturdy beechwood shelf unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and insurance, per unit). N.Y. and N.J. Residents: Please add sales tax.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Charge It ☐ **VISA** ☐ **AMEX** ☐ **MC**

Account # Exp.

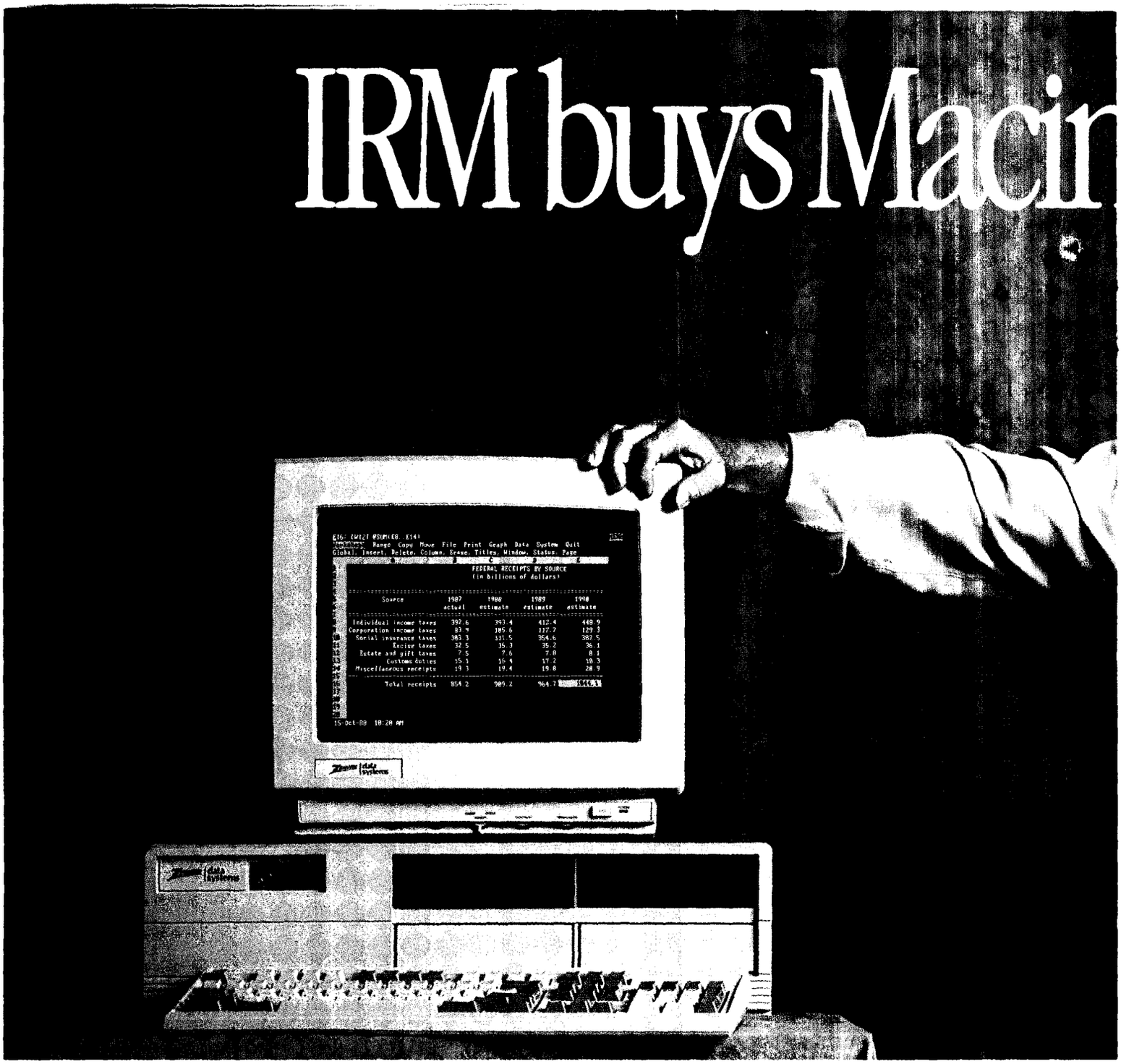
Signature

30 Day Money-Back Guarantee

Our low price for this European import is only $39.95 per unit (plus $6.95 shipping and insurance per unit)... probably less than you would have to pay for a comparable unit in plastic. And as with all items you purchase by mail from Barnes & Noble, you may return it within 30 days for a full refund or credit to your charge card.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRM buys Macin


Range Copy Move File Print Graph Data System Quit
Global Insert Delete Column Erase Titles Window Status Page
FEDERAL RECEIPTS BY SOURCE
(in billions of dollars)
Source 1987 actual 1988 estimate 1989 estimate 1990 estimate
Individual income taxes 392.6 393.4 412.4 448.9
Corporation income taxes 83.9 105.6 117.7 129.3
Social insurance taxes 303.3 331.5 354.6 387.5
Excise taxes 32.5 35.3 35.2 36.1
Estate and gift taxes 7.5 7.6 7.8 8.1
Customs duties 15.1 16.9 17.2 18.3
Miscellaneous receipts 19.3 19.4 19.8 20.9
Total receipts 854.2 909.2 964.7
15-Oct-88 10:20 AM

Right now there are over half a million PCs on federal desktops. And although we'd be quite pleased to have you replace every one of them with Macintosh® computers, the introduction of our machines into a DOS office does not require any such drastic measures. Because — and we'll say it flat out — Macintosh runs MS-DOS. Macintosh reads MS-DOS. And Macintosh shares data with MS-DOS computers.

How closely a Macintosh works with your PCs depends on what you actually need. Because Macintosh can be configured for almost any degree of compatibility. From easy speaking terms to a personal working relationship.

If you want to run DOS programs, there are several easy ways to do that. Including the AST Mac286 card, which you simply plug into a slot in the Macintosh II. Or, SoftPC. A program that lets you run both DOS and Macintosh applications.

You may find, however, that the kind of compatibility that's really important is the ability to share information effortlessly between computers.

Here the Macintosh concept of workgroup computing proves itself in practice. In fact, with our AppleTalk® Network System and AppleShare® file server software, you may well find that it's easier to network Macintosh with your PCs than to network PCs by themselves.

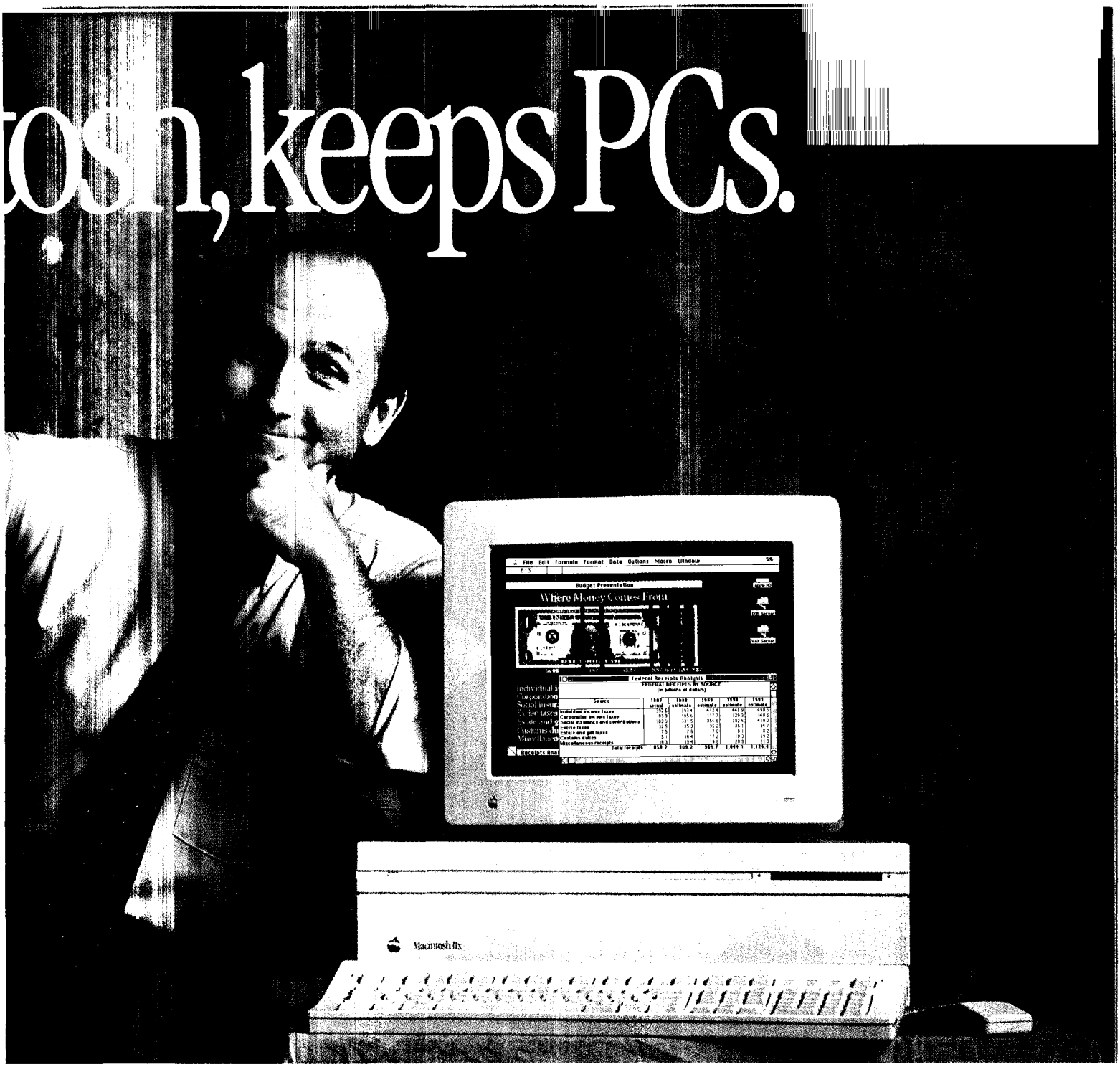
AppleTalk conforms to the OSI reference model, linking workgroups together any way you want — twisted-pair, fiber optics, coax, Ethernet, you name it.

Add AppleShare PC software to your DOS PCs and you'll discover that Macintosh and PCs swap information back and

© 1989 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple, the Apple logo, Macintosh, AppleTalk and AppleShare are registered trademarks of and MacXPC is a trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. MS-DOS is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corp. AST is a registered trademark and AST Mac286 is a trademark of AST Research, Inc. SoftPC is a registered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

osh, keeps PCs.



rth almost as easily as Macintosh does with Macintosh.

Meanwhile, Macintosh networks just as easily with mainframes. And makes dealing with them painless for people who aren't mainframe specialists. So Macintosh users will never need to know details like these: that MacAPPC™ makes Macintosh a true peer in any IBM SNA/LU 6.2 environment.

Macintosh is also one of the most elegant ways to tap the power of VAX and other minicomputers. Macintosh connects with Wang. And Macintosh runs UNIX.

But more important than any technical detail is how Macintosh with its intuitive interface simplifies so many of the jobs you have to do. The job of training. The job of setting up and maintaining computers on hundreds of desks. The job of motivating people to be productive on those computers.

All of which are the reasons Macintosh is moving into formerly DOS-exclusive realms in such great numbers. Becoming the consistent new standard in a day when the PC world is debating just what their standard should be.

We'd like an opportunity to demonstrate how Macintosh can serve in government. Just call (800) 732-3131, ext. 900, for the name of a sales representative or your local Apple reseller.

We'll show you how harmoniously and productively Macintosh can work with the PCs you've already invested in.

With no need for early retirements.

The power to be your best.™

Apple Federal Systems Group, Reston, VA. GSA contract #GS-00K-88AGS-6185

Trademark of Integral Solutions. Ethernet is a registered trademark of Xerox Corp. IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corp. UNIX is a registered trademark of AT&T Information Systems. VAX is a registered trademark of Digital Equipment Corp. Wang is a registered trademark of Wang Laboratories, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Just Say Nay

"THANKS LOADS, MRS. FIRST Lady," a million parents must have muttered when, just after they had finished explaining to their saucer-eyed kids why it would be wrong to let the family dog "get married," Millie-the-springer-spaniel's Puppy Drop hit with the trend-setting force of pillbox hats and Plains, Georgia. The cutesy birthing showed yet again how Memories of Nancy have inspired the media to give the relatively harmless Mrs. Bush every break. Here was the perfect chance to end her image honeymoon in the traditional manner: a without-warning attack proportional in fierceness to the chumminess that preceded it. But chumminess continued. No commentator pointed out that in this, the Age of Having Your Pet Spayed or Neutered, the selfless, leaderly gesture would be—instead of breeding unneeded new pet life—to adopt one of those edgy adult pound mutts who will never come out from under the bed. Not one of the reporters who railed about Nancy's china complained about Millie's regal maternity unit, described in the *Washington Times* as a "4-by-4 wooden . . . box decorated with the Presidential seal." This was lax. The media's job is to keep First Ladies subdued by always making them wonder, "When will I go too far and be pole-axed?" Mrs. Bush has a rep for being low-profile, but let's not forget that five years ago Doubleday published *C. Fred's Story*, a memoir she wrote in the "first canine" voice of C. Fred Bush, the family's since-departed cocker spaniel. History records that when it was delivered, the *C. Fred* manuscript was . . . overeager. "The major suggestion I made was for Mrs. Bush to get rid of all the exclamation points," Doubleday editor Lisa Drew told a reporter at the time. "She had a tendency to include four or five . . . after each sentence." With Millie-mania having gone so well, Bar will write again, and this time, with her confidence boosted by the absence of criticism, she will reject editorial meddling. The title I predict is *Millie!!!!: Memories of a White House Whelping!!!!!*

GEORGE BUSH MUST BE WISTFULly gazing at his wife and wishing he had some of her p.r. mojo. His image honeymoon ended with a bang during the Tower debate, when the very same people he had tried so hard to appease with numerous press conferences rushed to declare him Fully Carterized. And though he keeps trying to score with Reaganesque schmaltz, it doesn't come off. A recent example was his anti-drug trip to Pennsylvania's Amish country. "The reason I came here was to salute you," Bush explained to ministers and members of the Old Order Amish and Mennonite communities in Leola, Pennsylvania, on March 22. "And to hear from you all how your community managed to stave off the scourge of drugs." Yes, that's what's been missing from the federal anti-drug effort: a pamphlet called "How the Amish Just Say NAY To Drugs." Sorry, Mr. President, but we all know what you were really doing. You were trying to capitalize on the Amish feelgood that your behind-the-curve advisers told you Americans are now "into." That cultural blip ended, however, with last year's birth and quick death of "Aaron's Way," a TV series starring Merlin Olsen as a gentle Amish giant who moves to California. What's more, the visit was sloppily researched. Bush befuddled his listeners with a pledge to do something about "really bad lyrics" in rock music—not much of an issue for parents who don't allow record players, radios, or MTV. There was one skillful touch, though. At the elementary school Bush visited, a teacher pointed out a student's drawing of Amish kids saying, "Read our lips, Mr. President. We love you." That had to be the result of clever advance-man work. Either that, or there's an Amish grade-schooler sneaking out of the house Saturday nights to watch "The McLaughlin Group."

ON THE REALLY BAD LYRICS front, a question that I thought had been satisfactorily answered in the mid-'70s (Does Jesus belong in rock music?) is being raised again by Madonna. But the tone is different this time. Back then, people in tie-dyed long johns and bright yellow clown shoes told us, in plays such as *Godspell* and *Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, that Jesus was a righteous and relevant dude—like H. R. Puff'n'stuff. This time, Madonna tells us in her new *Like a Prayer* LP and video, he's Jesus "Shaft" Christ. As Madonna described it in a recent *New York Times* interview, the vid opens when a girl on the street witnesses a crime and sees the police unjustly arrest a black man who was only trying to save the victim. The girl runs to a church and sees a statue of a black saint who looks like the man on the street. She falls asleep and dreams that the saint comes to life and makes love to her. "As the choir sings," Madonna told the *Times*, "she reaches an orgasmic crescendo of sexual fulfillment intertwined with her love of God." Predictably, Catholics are angry about this. Also predictably, rock crits are impressed. Fortunately, the people will have the last word, and I'm confident they will do the right thing. Meanwhile, Prince has been delivering hump-oriented theology for months, with mixed results. On the title song from his LP *Lovesexy* (a term he defines as "The feeling U get when U fall in love not with a girl or boy but with the heavens above"), he sings, "Everybody on the block say it [Lovesexy] is the best . . . It make me dance, It make me cry, And when I touch it race cars burn rubber in my pants." At a Washington concert a few months ago Prince tried, as rockers always do, to sneak in his new material. Thus, during the show's first half it was business as usual: waggling of his fanny, simulating fornication with the bass player, etc. As the second half started we heard Prince's voice but saw no Prince, only fog and shafts of laser light. Prince began to preach. "I did the first half like that 'cuz I knew you wanted that. But don't you want something moooore in your life?" The hip, spiritually correct crowd groaned, "Just SING it, Prince" and "NOOO!"

IT'S A STRANGE BUT TRUE FACT that, aside from ecstatic rockers, the only people producing didactic verse these days are from fringe special interest groups: militant animal-rightsniks, Viking bikers, and now, nudists. The latest issue of *Clothed With the Sun: The Quarterly Journal of Clothes-Optional Living* contains a poem by an angry nudist who has *had* it with being denied nakedness-rights at the beach: "Adam and Eve, not God, chose to get dressed, / And we all 'conformed,' though we really 'regressed'! / Well, it's just not fair! And I want to bitch . . . / 'cause I was born naked—not wearing a stitch! . . . I wish things would change before I grow old, / 'cause I can't feel the sun if I'm covered with mold!" More global in scope is a new album by nudist-folkie Mark Levy, *Take Off Your Clothes!* According to an ad for the album, "The title song brings the bite of Tom Lehrer to the Israeli-Egyptian border tension. Some years ago, the Egyptians pulled back rather than subject soldiers to the view of an Israeli nude beach! Levy suggests that nudity might solve all disputes." Now I'll know what to think the next time I'm at the beach and a clothes-optional male who shouldn't be walks, large-butted and sunburned, past my blanket: Hey, he ain't gross. He's my brother.

ALEX HEARD

ALEX HEARD is a free-lance writer in Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERENGETI IS OUR NATURAL PAST, SURROUNDED BY THE NEEDS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

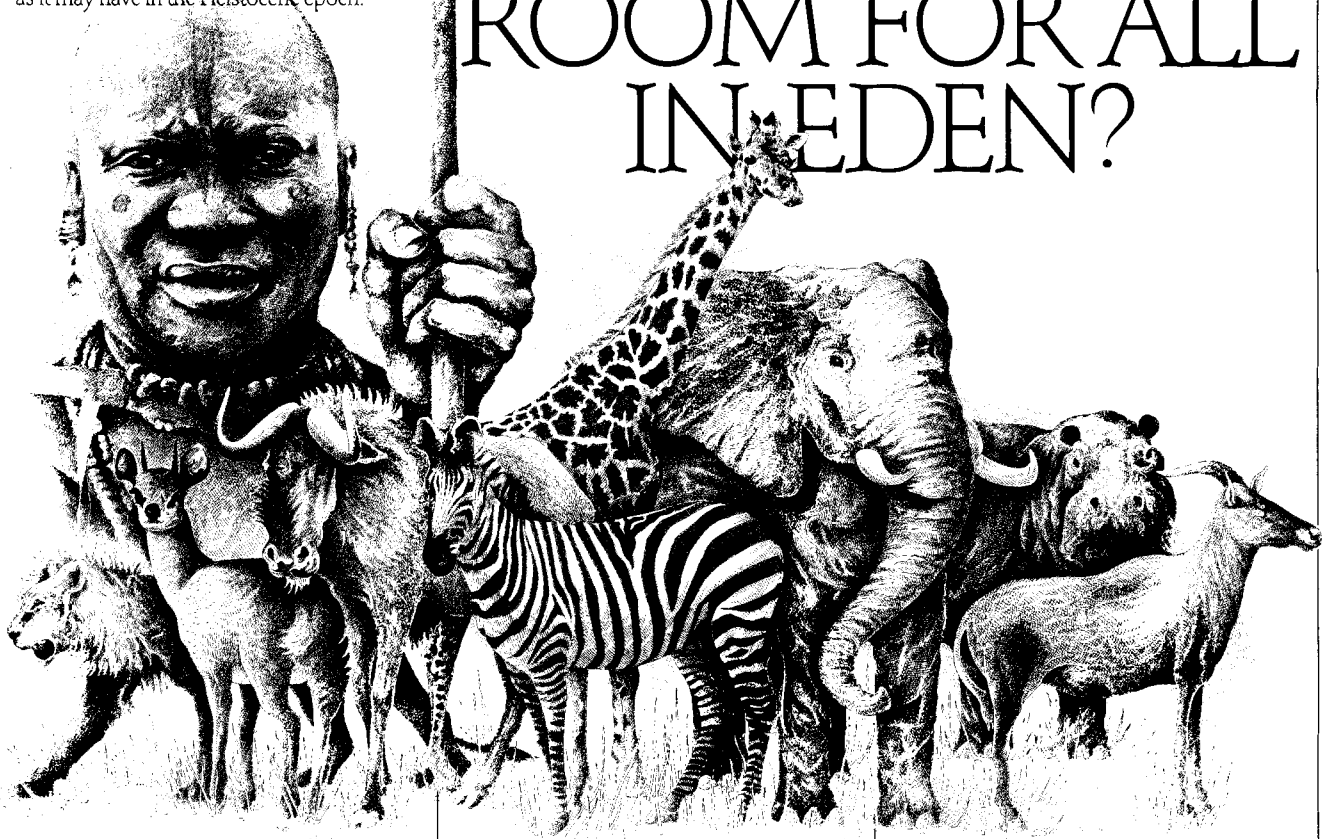
WILL THERE BE ROOM FOR ALL IN EDEN?

SITUATED ON A VAST PLAIN IN TANZANIA, atop a broad plateau, is a 5,700-square-mile national park. Within roam some two million large plains animals. It has been called, "an African Eden."

The Masai people of Tanzania named it "siringet"—meaning "an extended place." We know it as Serengeti, one of the greatest environmental spectacles on earth. But all is not perfect in paradise.

Wildlife or People?

The United Republic of Tanzania earnestly wants to preserve this park, which looks much as it may have in the Pleistocene epoch.



To this end, only a few people are allowed to live there.

But each year, a growing population, often plagued by poverty and hunger, crowds the park borders.

On one side, seminomadic herdsmen and their livestock push in—creating the problems of overgrazing and a strain on water resources.

On another boundary, the contrast between a park teeming with animals and poor, hungry families living on its fringes has inevitably led to illegal poaching.

The African Paradox.

Torn between the demands for grazing land and food—and the needs of the wildlife—Tanzania seeks a balance. Thirty years ago, in the face of intense pressure from pastoral Masai, it established a large multi-use-land area where some farming and grazing by local inhabitants were allowed. But the central plain was reserved for wild animals.

Today, a real solution is still to be found. Tanzania has come to a crossroads. It wants the world to understand that the park should be dedicated to the preservation of the animals and their habitat. But its equal goal is improved and more civilized conditions for the people of the region. The answer is not one or the other. Both have the right to existence. Both must be considered.

The Search for Balance.

The people of Chevron are learning about that kind of balance—and are working to meet the needs of nature as well as humans. Like creating and maintaining an endangered species preserve within an industrial area. And insuring the future of the Gunnison Gorge environmental treasure, through the gift of precious water rights to The Nature Conservancy. And now, helping to extend new insight and information through meaningful Public Television programming.

Serengeti Diary.

Watch "Serengeti Diary," a new National Geographic Special on Public Television. It's produced by the National Geographic Society and WQED/Pittsburgh and underwritten by the people of Chevron. Tune in on Wednesday, April 12th. Check your local listings for show times on PBS.

Share the Serengeti with those who love and care for it. Experience their emotional attachment to this African Eden.

Do people seek to balance the protection of nature with the needs of today's world?

People Do.

Chevron

©1989 Chevron, U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
[illegible] LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

ONLY 22,463 DAYS UNTIL RETIREMENT.

Seems like an eternity.

But the fact of the matter is today people are retiring sooner than ever.

The average retirement age is now 61.5, not 65. And it's getting even lower.

It's a trend that has employers worried.

Because as more and more workers retire, employers end up paying more and more in post-retirement benefits.

At the CIGNA companies, we have a solution.

We've developed a variety of voluntary, portable payroll deduction plans that help relieve the employer's post-retirement financial burden.

In each of these programs, employees are given the opportunity to plan for a financially secure retirement at economical group rates.

They can choose from contemporary insurance programs like Group Universal Life that not only provide benefits at retirement, but allow access to accumulating funds during working years as well.

There are also other options available.

Like savings and investment vehicles.

Family insurance coverages.

Supplemental disability plans.

All these employee-paid benefits supplement, and, in some cases, replace existing programs, helping to reduce an employer's post-retirement costs.

We'll handle initial enrollment, ongoing plan management, and all employee communications, tailoring each program to minimize employer administrative time. We've even implemented a toll-free hotline to answer employee questions.

For more information about how we can help with the post-retirement cost problem, write CIGNA Corp., Dept. R12, One Logan Sq., Phila., PA 19103.

Employee Marketing will benefit you and your employees now. And 22,463 days from now.

It's one more example of CIGNA's commitment to personalized service to business.

CIGNA

Benefits are provided by Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Life Insurance Company of North America and INA Life Insurance Company of New York, CIGNA companies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED